

# THE Cross

*For You*

October 1952—40¢

SPECIAL FEATURES—

Open Forum . . . . . page 20

Woman's Column . . . . . page 40

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY



IN THE STILLNESS, A GARLAND OF AVES



# Cross -pondence

## FOR GENEROUS SOULS

Dear Sir:

I have read the letter you received from an aspirant to the religious life in the September issue of "The Cross". I have high hopes that such an appeal would meet with favorable responses from generous readers of our Catholic month's magazine.

Doubtless, in our country today there are a lot of young girls who are called to God's service, but, are finding it difficult to answer His call due to financial problems. For, certainly, it takes money even to prepare oneself for the religious vocation.

I am another aspirant to the same vocation, who, like the other girl who wrote to you, faces a very similar problem. It is very encouraging to note, though, that by trying to sound an appeal to the generosity of readers of "The Cross", you have expressed your willingness to help not only the young girl who sought help from you, but, also others who earnestly desire to serve God in the religious life.

For a long time now, I have always thought of joining a religious community. But, since I have been supporting the family, I have had to put off my plans until such a time when someone else in the family could take over my responsibilities. However, I have just recently learned that I have come to an age that I would have to be admitted into the order I plan to join only on a special privilege. In accordance, therefore, with the wishes of the Mother Superior, I have decided to enter the convent next summer. But, my sister whom I have been preparing to take over my family responsibilities will only be a senior in college next year so that if I should leave home sometime in April, I must save something for her use next year. This, I will do by saving part of my salary until then. But, this leaves me wondering where I shall get the funds needed for my outfit, at least. I have tried to work out ways by which I could raise some extra funds, but, have not yet been successful so far. Could you,

therefore, remember me when some generous souls would respond to your appeal for generosity published in "The Cross"?

*I shall be very grateful for whatever help you might be able to give. In the meantime, I shall try to be patient and persevere in prayers putting all my problems in the hands of God and His blessed Mother. God will surely bless your noble work!*

Sincerely yours,

(Miss) A.B.C.

**Donations may be had through this publication—Ed.**

Dear Sir:

*Through your column, please allow me to say, "Orchids to R. B. in h— "To Doña Rosario" and to thank h— in behalf of our family for remembering our dearest one on her first death anniversary (May she rest in peace).*

Tiz Araneta

## More and More Roses

Dear Sirs:

*As an ardent reader of the "Cross" magazine, I had just renewed my yearly subscription, because I found out that so far the best and most up-to-date Catholic journal edited in the Philippines is your magazine. So, more and more roses for the whole editorial staff.*

Julie Ann Desire

### OUR COVER

*When we pray the Rosary, we are being like children, poets, cavaliers and knights—all at one time—paying the simplest, the most beautiful, the tenderest, and the most gallant address and homage to our Mother, and Queen.*

*This is the month of the Rosary. Let us pray the Rosary every day.*

**(Joint Photography by Faustino Munarrix and Jose T. Wright)**

Regina Bldg., Escoto, Manila, Philippines

**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

**EDITORIALS:**

Is Thailand Better Than the P. I.?	3
Get a Goat	3
Who Persecutes Whom?	4
Protestants, Please Change Your Name	5
The Reds are Faking Again	5
Do the Soviets Live Long?	6
Who Pays the Bill for U. P.?	6
Many Fine Catholics at U. P.	7

**ARTICLES:**

<b>Decency in Books</b>	
Rev. John F. Noll, D.D.	9
<b>Like Father, Like Son</b>	14
<b>A Growing Republic</b> .. C. P. Romulo	23
<b>The Rosary and You</b>	
Alfredo G. Parpan, S.J.	27
<b>Wealth in the Tropics</b> .. C. M. Wilson	35
<b>A College in India</b> .. Chester Bowles	47
<b>Would I Make a Good Communist?</b>	
Rev. Arthur Weiss, S.J.	49
<b>Having an Inferiority Complex?</b>	
L. M. Merrill	53
<b>The Bible—A Catholic Book</b>	
Thomas E. Kissling	55
<b>Wanted: Idea Men</b> .. Antonio Joaquin	60

**STORIES:**

<b>How He Loves Horses!</b>	
Dorothy M. Leyba	17
<b>A Letter to Mother</b> .. Agnes Holden	51

**POEMS:**

<b>"Mi Maria"</b> .. F. Guadalupe	8
<b>Comforter</b> .. A. V. Romualdez	26
<b>A Sinner's Lament</b> .. E. Ma. Reyes, S.J.	34
<b>I Saw Christ</b> .. F. Cardinal Spellman	59

**COLUMNS:**

<b>St. Paul Was No Quitter</b>	
Rev. Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J.	16
<b>Open Forum</b>	20
<b>Heart to Heart</b> .. Lily Marlene	30
<b>The Chaperone</b> .. Aunt Luisa	37
<b>Maria Clara of 1952</b> .. Pete and Pat	40
<b>Movie Guide</b>	63

*editor & publisher*

**Jesse Galan Blanco**



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## Editorial



### IS THAILAND BETTER THAN THE P.I.?

From a release of the Philippine Department of Agriculture dated September 8, 1952, we read that in recent years our oriental neighbor, Thailand, has greatly increased its rice yield. Whereas in 1938 it produced only 4.4 million tons, its annual production is now 6.6 million tons.

*On the other hand, in the Philippines our rice industry is still in the doldrums. Despite our increased population, our rice production is about as poor, if not poorer than before the war. We are still forced to import a tremendous quantity of this basic food in order to keep our nation from starving.*

**If Thailand can achieve such progress in a vitally essential industry, why can't we? Is it because as a nation we have a mania for white-collar jobs?**

### GET A GOAT!

In another D.A.N.R. release, we read of the new project in goat-raising in Rizal province.

**After a careful study and consideration, Bungo, an islet of about 5 hectares near Talim Island in Laguna Lake, was selected for the purpose.**

*It was revealed further that the governor will take the necessary negotiations for the lease of the land. Sheds and quarters will be constructed by the province of Rizal while the stock and necessary technical assistance will be furnished and extended by the bureau of animal industry. It looks as if soon Rizal will be a goaty place and its economy that much informed.*

From our personal observation, the Ilocos provinces seem to possess real goat know-how. How about it, brother Ilocanos? How do you do it? Please come and teach us so that every family can have a goat.

## WHO PERSECUTES WHOM

There has been much agitation in the last couple of months about the so called persecution in the Visayan Islands of the members of a sect called Jehovah's Witnesses. Considerable sympathy was aroused by newspaper stories that this Protestant group had been refused freedom of speech in certain towns in Iloilo province.

Finally, after much exaggeration of this so called persecution, the "Philippines Free Press" of September 13th published a long letter from a priest entitled "How Far May A Nuisance Go?" Although none of the other papers, to our knowledge, published this defence, here at last, in one widely circulated journal, the Catholic side of the question received some favorable publicity.

As the good Father, Rev. Manuel Dormido, said in the "Free Press," (in part)

"The Witnesses asked a permit from the mayor to use the town plaza for seven successive Sundays. They were given the permit. You should have heard them lambasting the Catholic Church, the Pope, the Roman Catholic clergy, the government, the present administration and the United Nations. The Catholics were patient. They let what the Witnesses said enter one ear and go out of the other. Then the Protestants and the Iglesia Ni Cristo asked for permission to use the plaza to answer the Witnesses. Again, the Catholics merely listened. After the fifth meeting of the Witnesses, something had to be held at the plaza—a dance or a game, I am not sure which now—and the mayor asked the Witnesses if the rest of the town could have the plaza just for that one Sunday. The Witnesses became furious. They said they were being persecuted. They installed a loudspeaker in a house right in front of my church and forced the children in my Sunday catechism class, not to mention poor me, to listen to their harangue against the Catholic Church."

Father Dormido continued to explain how in many parts of the Philippines and in other countries also, the Catholics have been violently attacked, provoked and calumniated on countless occasions, and pointed out that for some Catholics to retaliate on some few occasions must only be expected, human nature being what it is.

It is indeed surprising that anti-Catholic attacks should be so frequent

in this country which is predominantly Catholic. Sometimes, they are violent. Often they are vicious and anonymous.

Of this latter type, we heard of an example recently from our friends in the Knights of Columbus. In many different parts of the Philippines, letters were received in Knights of Columbus homes, accusing the Knights of using a vile, bigoted and unpatriotic oath in their rituals. Of the many letters which came to our attention, every single one was anonymous. The so-called oath was completely false. It has not only never been used by the Knights of Columbus, but on countless occasions in the past, its falsehood had been completely proven in court.

*Nevertheless, here in the Philippines vile enemies insist upon propagating its falsehood. As one Knight of Columbus commented, "I only wish they would sign their names to these charges. Then we could sue them for libel and make lots of money for our charities."*

When it comes to persecution of religion in this Catholic country, we think the facts will prove that the Catholics are the most violently and frequently persecuted.

## PROTESTANTS, PLEASE CHANGE YOUR NAME

We have many good friends who are Protestants, but we feel a bit sad for them because they are handicapped by such a name—Protestant. Why don't they change this name?

*If we examine the word "Protestant," obviously it means a protester or one who protests. A name after all should signify the basic idea or principle of an organization. And so the name Protestant suggests nothing more than that the essential principle of the Protestants is to protest.*

Especially because this is the name of a religious group, we are sad. The essence of religion is to draw us close to God. That is something positive, constructive, the noblest and most beautiful purpose in the world. But the name Protestant just signifies something negative, critical, and even smacks of something destructive.

*Of course, we have other and far more basic differences with Protestants, about their doctrines,—or rather lack of doctrine,—about their origin, etc., etc.*

*But for the present, dear Protestant friends, we're only talking about your name. Please change it!*

## THE REDS ARE FAKING AGAIN

Faked newscasts of the fighting in Korea are being produced by the North Koreans, it has been learned here.

This was revealed when a commentator on the Prague Radio, telling his audience about films shown recently at a film festival in Carlsbad, explained the lack of sound in one newsreel by saying the film studio was bombed while the film was being produced.

He added that several "professional actors" were killed in the bombardment.

Later an attempt was made to remedy the slip. The station devoted another broadcast to the newsreel and praised the "unparalleled courage" of the cameraman in carrying out his assignment of filming "front-line" combat.

This time there was no mention of the "studio bombing". (USIS)

### DO THE SOVIETS LIVE LONG?

Radio Moscow states that people live longer in the USSR than in any other country, and cites a Georgian peasant said to be 155 as the "world's oldest man." Also, the broadcast claims there are 300,000 centenarians in the Soviet Union.

Whether these centenarians live in caves beyond the reach of the MVD we do not know. But longevity in the vicinity of the Kremlin is something else again.

We recall that in 1936, Kamenev, Trotsky's brother-in-law, and Zinoviev, another key figure, both died at the age of 53. They were murdered in a Stalin purge. In 1937, Nikolai Bukharin passed away at 50; ex-Premier Alexi Rykov died at 57; Yagoda, head of the OGPU, at 47 — all liquidated by Stalin.

Ordzhonikidze, another key Soviet figure, died under mysterious circumstances at 51. Vassily Bluecher disappeared in 1938, at the age of 49, and has not been heard of since. And it was in 1948 that Zhdanov, who was politically ambitious, passed away, with honors, but not without mystery, at the age of 52.

This list could run on and on.

Apparently longevity in the USSR increases in direct proportion to (a) the distance from the Kremlin; (b) the obscurity of the individual; and (c) the degree of his subservience to any Soviet agent he encounters. (Courtesy USIS — Philadelphia Inquirer).

### WHO PAYS THE BILL FOR U.P.?

In the June issue of the "Cross," we complained that our government was overgenerous to the University of the Philippines for the following reasons:



1. The government gives an annual subsidy of P3 or P4 million to U.P. in addition to complete cost of all new buildings and capital improvements.

2. The same government gives not one single centavo of assistance to other colleges and universities, but instead forces them to pay taxes.

3. U.P., enjoying this tremendous financial advantages, is in active competition with these same private colleges and universities, conducting similar courses of studies and charging equivalent tuition rates.

In the "Manila Times" of September 11th, a letter from Ursula Uichangco Clemente, dean of women of the University of the Philippines, further emphasizes this point. In a long letter in which Dean Clemente praises and eulogizes her university, the following quotation is typical. She says, "The private institutions . . . are sadly lagging behind the state university not only in the government examinations but principally in standards of instructions".

We, for one, have never denied that the standards of instruction at U.P. are superior to at least some of our private colleges and universities. But is there any reason for surprise in this? U.P. receives a tremendous operating subsidy from our financially overburdened government. It does not have to save from its income for capital improvements for which additional appropriations are made by the government. If under such overwhelmingly favorable circumstances, it does not have a good standard of instruction, it should be closed, and quickly.

Our point rather is that it is operating in unfair competition with other colleges and universities when it devotes nearly all of its energy to parallel courses which the other institutions are also giving. We maintain that rather, it should devote itself to research and to subjects or courses which our non-subsidized institutions cannot afford to give.

When a rich debutante says to the daughter of a poor, "My dress is nicer than yours", we don't like it. Nor do we like rich U.P., enjoying a tremendous government subsidy, criticizing poor neighboring schools which receive not a single centavo from the government and in addition are obliged to pay taxes to support U.P. and all the other government agencies.

Dean Clemente's boast is rather out of place.

### MANY FINE CATHOLICS AT U.P.

On the other hand, we have received a letter from a student at U.P., part of which is published in our Cross-pondence column.

This young lady quite gently chides us for criticizing the government

University, reminding us that many of the Professors and students excel in conscientious practice of their religion.

To this good young lady, we can only answer that we are sincerely delighted at the wonderful fervor and goodness of many members of the community of U.P. Nor is it the first time that we have heard about it. In fact, we have repeatedly mentioned in our humble columns that we have high admiration for many members of the staff and student body individually at the government university. May they continue and progress in their splendid ideals and practice of true Christian virtue.

*Our only objection is the U.P. system and objectives which, we sincerely think, should be radically changed.*

---

### "MI MARIA"

Fred Guadalupe

*My love for Mary is the love  
Of a warrior for his lady:  
    Passionate, tender and worshipping,  
Daring to dream and do  
Great things for her  
    As he looks up to her eyes.*

*My love for Mary is the love  
Of a sick child in the dark  
    Alone whose solace and bliss  
It is to hear its mother's step  
And feel the touch of her hand  
    Cool on its fevered brow!*

---

I had taken my small niece to the grocery store with me to do the family shopping. Suddenly, I thought of something that made it necessary for me to return home at once. I took Beth by the hand and started hurriedly down the street. She was short and chubby and her plump little legs could hardly keep pace with mine. All at once I became aware that her chattering had ceased and she was almost breathless.

"Why, Beth, am I walking too fast?" I inquired.

"No," she panted, "But I am!"

*Lowness courted  
in the shape of virtue*

# Decency In Books and Moving Pictures

Most Rev. John F. Noll, D. D.

*From The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*



If the defiant attitude of tender youths towards the moral law has clearly manifested itself during the past two years in the steady growth of juvenile delinquency, it is wrong to assume that the war is altogether responsible for it. Lack of parental supervision and the disruption of home life have given to the already-formed propensities of youths opportunities to assert themselves; but the mentality behind their conduct was not generated of a sudden. According to statistics on crime, released quarterly by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, most of the graver offenses have been progressively descending from a higher to a lower age group. A few years ago young men and women of twenty-two were guilty of the more heinous crimes; than those of twenty-one, twenty, nineteen. Today the seventeen and eighteen-year-olds, or those who are either still in high school or have just graduated, are the worst criminals.

But the chief purpose of this in-

struction is not to analyze statistics on juvenile delinquency, but rather to determine the two principal causes, which was specifically mentioned in the General Intention of the Apostleship of Prayer for the month of July. You are requested by the Holy Father to pray that "immorality in books and motion pictures be strenuously opposed." The intention was, however, presented for your prayers in a positive way as "Decency in Books and Moving Pictures.

National organizations have been founded in the United States in recent years to accomplish the very result the Pope has in mind. The Legion of Decency was organized by the Catholic Hierarchy ten years ago to combat indecency in motion pictures; and the National Organization for Decent Literature, six years ago, to wage war on indecency in magazines and books.

From one day to another, the drift of Americans from moral standards is so imperceptible as hardly to be noticed. But when we compare the

mentality of one decade with another, or of the present generation with the last, the change is so astoundingly radical as to be almost unbelievable.

Thirty years ago, for instance, people looked with loathing on the re-married divorcee; he or she was often socially ostracized. Today divorce is so commonplace that it is taken as much for granted as marriage, and in many large cities applications for the dissolution of the marriage bond are nearly as numerous as applications for marriage licenses.

Thirty years ago a motion picture in which a divorcee played a leading role would probably not have been patronized, while today no denunciation is registered against the actress under thirty years of age who has had three or four husbands.

Thirty years ago motion pictures were clean enough for the entire family. Today, even though the Legion of Decency has brought about a great reform, pictures must be classified so that parents may know which ones their children may not attend—and which ones are unfit even for themselves. The leading scenario writers are those who became popular by writing novels whose principal appeal was to the salacious-minded.

Thirty years ago no one knew anything about "maternal health clinics," or "planned parenthood," or artificial devices to prevent conception. Federal and State laws absolutely forbade even the dissemination of information on the subject of birth control. Most of these laws are still

on the books; but they are not in force, because it is believed that the majority of the people look favorably on any kind of means of restricting birth.

Thirty years ago there was very little lewd literature circulated, and none of it was exposed publicly to view on newsstands. Today two hundred thousand racks literally teem with magazines which violate every standard of decency, many of which are carted from the publisher to agencies throughout the country by freight and by truck, because they offend against even our lax-postal laws. In every State of our nation, save one, there exist rigid laws against the publication, distribution, and the sale of such literature, but few officers of the law would dream of enforcing them except under pressure from a strong local organization.

Moral filth is circulated even among children through pamphlets and leaflets, distributed surreptitiously, but gratis, and, therefore, evidently designed to demoralize the little ones. The new comic-strip magazines, which have a sale of fifteen million monthly, are published, in large part, by the same men who own pornographic periodicals, and they are believed by many to be a "build-up" for the patronage of the latter after a few years.

The pagans of St. Paul's time and earlier were less tolerant of evil literature than are Americans today. After hearing St. Paul preach at Ephesus, the new converts brought together all evil books they could

assemble and burned them publicly (Acts xix). The writings of Epicurus were burned by the "pagan" Greeks because he taught that there was no harm in gratifying one's natural appetites.

Thirty years ago E. W. Mumford, of the Penn Publishing Company, New York, addressed a convention of booksellers and publishers at the Hotel Astor on the subject, "Juvenile Readers as an Asset." He condemned most of the comparatively innocent juvenile fiction of that day as "worthless and dangerous"—dangerous to the intellects of youths because "it did not teach young readers to think straight"; and dangerous to their morals, because it tended to excite passion. Mumford had very little to say about magazines, because there were none of the salacious kind.

In his address, Mr. Mumford made an observation which clearly indicates to us how vastly superior were the standards followed by publishers thirty years ago:

The problem of the bookseller is the problem of the Church—how to hold on to the young people. The only way to make book buyers is to build up book buyers, and to do that you must catch them very young. If you can sell the children wholesome, worthwhile books of some literary merit, you will help to develop a taste which eventually makes book buyers. Selling a poor grade of stories, however, makes not book buyers, but book

devourers, and on them the circulating libraries thrive.

W. D. Howells, writing in *Harper's Magazine* a half century ago, when magazines were all clean and novels chaste as compared with today's output, said:

If a novel flatters the passions and exalts them above the principles, it is poisonous; it may not kill, but will certainly injure; and this test alone will exclude an entire cast of fiction, of which eminent examples will occur to all. Then the whole spawn of so-called unmoral romances . . . are deadly poison; these do kill.

In June, 1897, the editor of *Cosmopolitan* selected Professor Harry Thurston Peck, editor of *The Bookman*, to discuss the question: "How far may the technical or artistic merit of a book be urged in favor of its publication or translation, when the subject and treatment are at variance with the generally accepted standards of morality and decorum?"

No ecclesiastic could have given a more orthodox Christian answer. Professor Peck's conclusions might be summarized as follows:

(1) Mature and serious students of comparative literature ought not to be kept in ignorance of literary masterpieces because of inability to read the language in which they were written.

(2) On the other hand, books which deal in morbid psychology, sexual problems, and artful appeals to sensuality, ought not to be accessible to those who would

receive moral injury from them.

(3) If it be a question of sacrificing either art or morals, then art should unhesitatingly be trampled under foot in the interest of that sanity and purity of thought which have always been among the greatest glories and safeguards of our race.

In the same year (1897) when there was little of the lewd in books and magazines, a wealthy gentleman of Chicago contributed two million dollars to a library, under the following restrictions:

I desire the books and periodicals to be selected with a view to create and sustain a healthy moral and Christian sentiment in the community, and that all nastiness and immorality be excluded. . . . I want its atmosphere that of Christian refinement, and its aim and object the building up of character.

Now, how are the above-mentioned symptoms related to the wrong kind of books and motion pictures? They are related as effect to cause.

First, most "best sellers," like magazines, are not published to be of help to the reader intellectually or culturally, and most certainly not morally. The first purpose of the writer is to make them "best sellers" by an appeal to the emotions and passions. The publishers frequently pay out large sums of money to advertise them even before they are off the press. The purchase of large advertising space in the book-reviews supplement of metropolitan papers

almost invariably elicits favorable comment and praise from the reviewers, which, in turn, boost the sale of the books.

Through department stores in almost every city, and other channels, clubs solicit memberships for the purchase of a book a month; and about every third or fourth book they recommend is very offensive to morals. Drug stores in every city are branches for circulating libraries, and parents usually take for granted that all the books are suitable for their children's patronage. As a matter of fact, a great many of them are poison to the mind and heart.

From New York, Chicago, and other large cities, books dealing with sex, courtship, marriage—most of them positively filthy—are offered for sale at bargain prices. These publishers, in the aggregate, probably have the name and address of every family in the nation, and, at frequent intervals, circular letters are sent out offering a five-dollar book for ninety-eight cents, or a seven-and-a-half-dollar book for a dollar and ninety-eight cents. The reduced price is the bait which usually attracts innocent people looking for bargains.

Never was there a time when it was so important that Catholic parents be urged to permit none but good books in their homes. In every parish the Legion of Decency Pledge should be combined with the Decent Literature Pledge, and youths particularly should be persuaded to take that Pledge. They should even be urged to engage in an apostolate

against "smut" in all its forms.

Secondly, the ubiquitous motion picture, patronized, on the average, once a week by every child in the United States, has a very detrimental effect on the conscience even of those children who have had moral instruction and guidance in the parochial schools. Classroom instruction on modesty, purity, chastity, is counteracted by the movies, where the child sees his hero or heroine guilty of all the things which, in school, were taught to be sinful—the kissing, petting, and hugging in love scenes, the scanty attire of the performers, and so forth.

Witnessing such scenes, week after week, over a period of years, an unhealthy state of conscience is quite naturally developed. The youth who has gathered the impression from the movies that almost anything may be tolerated during courtship, wonders whether his Church is not a little too severe. He or she finds it difficult to make himself or herself believe that what the generality of people do without remorse can be grievously sinful.

Children who go to the movies frequently should be told by their pastors and parents that those who, on the screen, are seemingly in deep love, are not lovers at all, but only

actors, and that they are well paid for executing their respective roles; that the pictures which attract the best people are those rated "A" by the Legion of Decency; that if a large number of people wrote to the leading "stars" in any motion picture and expressed disapproval of their manner of acting or of their language, we would soon have better movies.

Because Catholics are an urban people and, therefore, live where the large movie houses are located, where the big newspapers are published, where magazines and book-racks abound, it would be within their power to cut the movie-house box-office receipts in half by refusing to patronize any but good productions, and they could induce editors and sellers of books and magazines to take a definite stand on the side of morality and decency.

So long as Catholics lay aside their loftier standards and follow the crowd, we cannot expect to have decency either in books or motion pictures. If, on the other hand, they lent themselves to leadership in the opposite direction, it would not be long until both books and movies would be made once more conformable to Christian standards.

---

One eavesdropper at Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn heard one slick chick say to another: "Of course, he can't dance, but the least he could do is hold me while I dance."

# Like Father, Like Son

What Capitalism and Communism Have In Common



## CAPITALISM (The parent)

i.e. Liberal Economics

1. Is **Un-Christian**.
2. Derived from **19th Century** German Philosophy, French Sociology, English Economics.
3. Divorces "business" from morality.
4. **Pragmatism**—Profit is the measure of **all** worth.
5. **Rugged Individualism** at the cost of human dignity.
6. Morality is relative, not absolute.
7. The majority (i.e. Big Business) determines right and wrong.
8. Religion must not "interfere" in Society.
9. Individual **atheism**.
10. Man is determined—biologically.
11. Believes in **individual selfishness**.
12. **Heaven on earth** by evolutionary "progress".
13. **Profit**—the primary purpose of man.
14. **Man is a machine**.
15. Despises "the poor in spirit".
16. **Concentration of wealth** by monopoly.
17. People depend on the largess of the capitalists.

## COMMUNISM (The child)

i.e. Marxism

1. Is **Anti-Christian**.
2. Derived from **19th Century** German Philosophy, French Sociology, English Economics.
3. Divorces economics from morality.
4. **Pragmatism**—Material progress is the measure of **all** worth.
5. **Collective Security** at the cost of human dignity.
6. Truth is relative, not absolute.
7. The Collectivity (i.e. the Party) determines right and wrong.
8. Religion has no social use.
9. Collective **atheism**.
10. Man is determined—economically.
11. Believes in **collective selfishness**.
12. **Heaven on earth** by revolutionary inevitability.
13. **Economics**—the primary purpose of man.
14. **Man is a machine**.
15. Despises "the poor in spirit".
16. **Concentration of wealth** by bureaucracy.
17. People depend on the largess of bureaucrats.



- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 18. Personal "right" to exclude social use.                                  | 18. Social use to exclude personal "right".                                   |
| 19. <b>Absolute ownership</b> by individuals.                                | 19. <b>Absolute ownership</b> by the Bureaucracy.                             |
| 20. <b>Seeks to absorb the State</b> by vested interests.                    | 20. <b>Seeks to annihilate the State</b> by class revolution.                 |
| 21. The End—a <b>profitable business</b> —justifies the means.               | 21. The End—a <b>classless society</b> —justifies the means.                  |
| 22. <b>Progressive control of radio and press.</b>                           | 22. <b>Gradual infiltration of radio and press.</b>                           |
| 23. Religion is for women and children.                                      | 23. Religion is an opium for all.   |
| 24. <b>Imperialism</b> through Colonial Expansion.                           | 24. <b>Imperialism</b> through World Revolution.                              |
| 25. <b>Power Politics.</b>   | 25. <b>The Clenched Fist.</b>   |
| 26. <b>Wealth</b> for the sake of Power.                                     | 26. <b>Power</b> for the sake of wealth.                                      |
| 27. <b>Economic Might</b> makes Right.                                       | 27. <b>Economic Might</b> makes Right.  |
| 28. Designates human workers as—"the hands".                                 | 28. Designates human workers as—"the masses".                                 |
| 29. <b>Economic dictatorship.</b>  | 29. <b>Economic dictatorship.</b>   |
| 30. The "Iron Law of Wages".   | 30. Economic determinism.   |
| 31. <b>Seeks to absorb Free Press and Speech.</b>                            | 31. <b>Seeks to annihilate Free Press and Speech.</b>                         |
| 32. <b>Makes wage slaves.</b>  | 32. <b>Makes Party slaves.</b>  |
| 33. <b>The Company Union</b>   | 33. <b>The "Workers' Paradise".</b>   |
| 34. Suppresses the Union.  | 34. Purges the "reactionary".   |
| 35. <b>Paternalism.</b>  | 35. <b>The Collective Farm.</b>   |
| 36. <b>Laissez Faire</b> —norm of action in concrete situations.             | 36. <b>The Party Line</b> —norm of action in concrete situations.             |
| 37. Silencing the press.   | 37. The Iron Curtain technique.   |
| 38. <b>Opposition to collective bargain-</b>                                 | 38. <b>Encouragement of class struggle.</b>                                   |
| 39. <b>Sweet Shops and Starvation Wages.</b>                                 | 39. Iron Curtain "labor camps".   |
| 40. <b>The Half-Truth technique.</b>   | 40. <b>The "Front" technique.</b>   |
| 41. <b>Persecution Complex</b> —from organized labor.                        | 41. <b>Persecution Complex</b> —from agencies of the State.                   |
| 42. Race and Class <b>discrimination.</b>                                    | 42. Race and Class <b>hatred.</b>   |
| 43. <b>Absenteeism</b> — <b>Separation of Ownership</b> from Responsibility. | 43. <b>Collectivism</b> — <b>Destruction of Ownership</b> and Responsibility. |
| 44. "By Bread Alone".  | 44. "By Bread Alone".   |

"The way had already been prepared for **Communism** by the religious and moral destitution in which wage earners had been left by **Liberal Economics.**"  
 Pius XII—Encyclical on Atheistic Communism.

# St. Paul Was No Quitter

Rev. Francis P. LeBuffe, S. J.

St. Paul had been arrested in Jerusalem, stopped short in his great work of preaching Christ to the ends of the Roman Empire. It all seemed so senseless to have been called to be the Apostle of the Gentiles, and then, shackled and bound in prison, to have weeks lengthen into months and months into years. Yet it was precisely in that way that God wanted His Gospel to be spread by Paul. What seemed to wreck God's plans really furthered them.

St. Paul himself told the story to his beloved Philipians: "Now I wish you to know, brethren, that my experiences have turned out rather for the advancement of the gospel, so that the chains I bear for the sake of Christ have become manifest as such throughout the praetorium and in all other places. And the greater number of the brethren in the Lord, gaining courage from my chains, have dared to speak the word of God more freely and without fear."

St. Paul took his medicine like a man; and in so doing helped others to be brave. That is how God used Paul's imprisonment. And that is how He so often uses the upsets and disappointments in our lives to further His plans and our own sanctification.

Here a man fails completely in business, moves far away and starts life anew. And the result — two

sons in the priesthood and a daughter in the convent, who never would have been there if their father had stayed in the town of their birth. Here a brilliant young man is invalided with bad health and never again knows a well day — and his death is that of a saint precisely because of his years of pain.

That is the way God works — if only we let Him. Of course, we can balk His plans. St. Paul could have "gotten sore" and "lain down on the job." But he didn't. The bankrupt father could have become soured and left off his holy way of life. But he didn't. The young man could have grown angry with God for taking away all chance of a normal life. But he didn't.

I meet difficulties in life, and disappointments too, some little, some big. It's so easy then to get out of sorts and to take the line of least resistance and quit.

Dear Jesus, I don't want to be a quitter. My life, as every life, has ups-and-downs; and at times the "downs" are very steep and deep. But if I only stay by You and with You and let You have Your way, I know You will pull me up again and set my feet on a higher road to Heaven than ever before. So help me, please — and never let me be a quitter.

*Mang Teban's character shows best  
when you know just*

## How He Loves Horses

Dorothy M. Leyba



Mang Teban is a confirmed horse-addict. Every breathing moment of his life is one unending "horse ache". It could even be said to be a cycle—a never failing cycle, with pangs intensifying acutely at just the right day of the week.

While to most people life begins on a Monday, to Mang Teban life begins on a Friday. Friday, because, it is just the day before Saturday and Sunday. And Saturday and Sunday are "hersedays" or rather, "carrera days". So, on Friday, Mang Teban begins to live.

The very first thing Mang Teban does when he reaches home on this day is to spread out the racing form, study each horse listed on it, squint his eyes, nod his head or shake it, put marks on the supposed-to-be-winners, gather tips on who's going to win, and wait for the blessed day.

So, when Saturday or Sunday dawns, Mang Teban is all ready to bring home the gambler's dream of dreams—the fat calf, the pot of gold, the cold cash prize! And dreaming in a most serious way, he starts on his way to the races all slicked up with, of course, the never-

to-be-forgotten horse-school book—the racing form.

The hours tick by until five o'clock. Horse class is dismissed. Mang Teban then goes home with that morning "Gloco smile" replaced by the worry-bird's special frown. And, that night, Mang Teban sleeps with an ice-water bag on his head.

But the following Friday finds Mang Teban well again. There are the great tomorrows ahead—carrera days!

However, this Friday, Mang Teban seems to be extraordinarily happy. Seeing him with a racing form is no new sight for his neighbors, but seeing him around smiling, grinning, and whistling "Be My Love...", that was most unusual!

Saturday afternoon sends Mang Teban hurrying on his way to Santa Ana Race Tracks. This time, he asks for no tips, and he listens to no sure-winner-talks from his friends. He just keeps on smiling as though he were sure he finally has a winner in the bag. For, according to his calculations of last night, his horse, Medicine Man, can't help winning this race. The hopeful middle-aged

mon has made up his mind that his horse would win. In fact, it was years ago when Mang Teban had promised himself to make his horse win the Sweepstake Races—Years ago, when he fell in love with Medicine Man at first sight, and romantically, whispered into its ears: "You were born to be a champ!" But, it was not until long arduous years of training, feeding, and guarding, that Mang Teban and Medicine Man became really as one. Mang Teban determinedly said: "Medicine Man, you will be the champion!"

And so, the day is come at last. The day when Mang Teban would either find a pot of gold, or heart-break at the end of his rainbow. . . .

The very air that hangs above the race track seems to be tinged with a sharp electric crackle of excitement. The hundreds of people jammed inside, are either trying hard to hear or hoping hard to be heard. But Mang Teban is unmindful of it all—the shouting, the giggling, the crowd. He just sits very relaxed and calm at his seat, puffing smoke rings into the noisy air.

Then, he notices the board. The favorite is "Lady-be-Good". "Medicine-Man", well, he's second to the last.

"I'll surely make a killing today," murmurs Mang Teban to himself. And he begins to dream of the money he would surely be getting—P75,000.00, for his one monthly salary of P500.00. He dreams of the things his pot of gold would buy him.

The horses are walking towards their posts. Mang Teban's eyes trails Medicine Man proudly. "My, what a fine picture my horse makes," Mang Teban murmurs. "Yeh, a beautiful horse, and a midget of a man astride of him!"

"And there they go!"—the giant voice from the tower bellows, calling on the race. Mang Teban sits with clenched fists, hardly daring even to breathe. "It's Lady-be-good going to the front, Do-Tell second, . . . and Medicine Man trailing behind."

"Around the first turn, it's Do-tell now in the lead; Lady-be-Good second, Don Juan, fourth. . . Medicine Man still trying hard to catch up."

Mang Teban cranes his neck far out through the noisy spectators' cheering, and tries hard to see Medicine Man. There he was holding his place easily, not yet ready to challenge the leaders.

"Into the back of the stretch, it is Lady-be-good, by a head; but coming fast from the outside, it's. . . why, it's Medicine Man!"

"He's got it. It's in the bag. He can't lose!" Mang Teban almost yells. He looks again. The strong lithe legs of Medicine Man are eating up the yards between him and victory. Of course he cannot lose! At this moment, the thing happens. Medicine Man seems to plunge forward, his right front foot doubles under him and he is down.

"He stumbled," someone cries. There is a confusion of voices. Then the race is over. Somebody won.

But surely not Medicine Man. Mang Teban does not care who won, for Medicine Man and his dream are now gone.

Months pass... Mang Teban does not set foot on a race track again.

It is Sunday once more. Mang Teban is back in his place. As good as new—finding his pot of gold back in his heart.

"There they go... Rifleman by three lengths..." the voice from the tower booms as it had done months ago...

Mang Teban fastens his eyes eagerly upon a flash of brown darting away from the rest of the pick, like an arrow leaving a bow—a big bay colt that comes easily almost disdainfully around the turn and makes for home with a graceful galloping mo-

tion that seems to say to the horses behind him, "See? I'm not even trying!"

In Mang Teban's face is that infrequent smile of his. "Do you see how he runs? Do you notice his stride?" Mang Teban asks the fellow standing by. "God, what a colt! When he has a few more pounds on him and someone to show him how to..."

Yes! Mang Teban is back in form again. He sees a colt, falls in love with it... and, dreams of another Medicine Man.

What lies at the end of the rainbow? A pot of gold? A heart-break?

Whatever it will be—Mang Teban is sure to rise from it and try again until he can conquer and win!



### FOR THE QUITTER

We don't ordinarily care for pieces of this sort, but the following little inspirational verses from *Business College Flashes* struck our fancy:

The world won't care if you quit,  
And the world won't whine if you fail;  
The busy world won't notice it  
No matter how loudly you wail.  
The quitters are quickly forgot,  
On them the world spends little time;  
And few ever care that you've not  
The courage or patience to climb.  
So give up and quit in despair  
And take your place on the shelf;  
But don't think the world's going to care—  
You're only spiting yourself.

## OPEN FORUM

The opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily reflect views of the CROSS MAGAZINE staff.



### The Question:

**Does the NCAA foster sportsmanship and understanding among schools and colleges?**

### Their Opinion:

In a way yes, but from what I have observed it has gone beyond its bounds. Sports as a pastime or as a physical build-up is wholesome, but where it is over-emphasized it becomes degrading. Students are more sports-minded than academically conscious.

Sports have a tendency to develop not only the physical build-up of a man but it also educates the mind to be assertive and competitive. The result that is usually noticeable is that once he is accustomed to such a frame of mind he develops a tendency to indulge in any form of game where lucre or the desire to win is paramount.

Now speaking of the academic youth of today, I could say that this is more real than imaginary. Just take the number of hours spent by students on game days during the academic year and the fatigue that usually is the result in witnessing a game running 4 to 5 hours. If these wasteful hours were only dedicated to study in the form of normal exercises, perhaps he would be gaining more, academically speaking.



T. A. Roja

ATTY. TEOTIMO A. ROJA



Mrs. M. A. Singian

The sports leagues in the Islands do foster, sportsmanship and understanding among the schools and colleges.

The contact made by the members of the sports leagues, or any league for that matter, is such that the elements of sportsmanship and understanding become essential for its survival. What use the gathering together if there is no intention of sustaining and strengthening the unity or that oneness which is the main aim of leagues? And without these elements the components of the league would not be able to work harmoniously, and therefor would not achieve the goal for which they are created.

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 MRS. MERCEDES A. SINGIAN

The NCAA has succeeded in fostering sportsmanship and fair-play among schools and colleges in so far as basketball is concerned. But it seems the other sports are not receiving as much attention as they should. There is too much emphasis on basketball to the detriment of sports such as football, track and field, swimming, etc... How much has the NCAA accomplished in these other sports? It has failed miserably.

Aside than from that there is some tendency to commercialize the games and which should be curbed.

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 MISS LYDIA G. GARLITOS


L. G. Garlitos

The NCAA should encourage good sportsmanship, and understanding among schools and students, etc. But very often, what the NCAA encourages are quarrels, fist-fights, and what nots. Also, it gives people a chance to bet—to gamble on their favorite team. I know, because I sometimes make small bets myself. But what of those people who lose bets of, let's say, P20 or P50? I think they're silly.

Anyway, I think the NCAA is wonderful.

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 MISS TERESITA DEL CASTILLO


T. del Castillo

In answer to your question, my answer is that the NCAA does some good and some harm.

Surely there is some over-emphasis on athletics in the NCAA. Worse, there are frequent manifestations of unsportsmanship. At least some of the schools seem to be unable to control the cheap booing, etc., on the part of their students.

On the other hand, the big advantage of the NCAA and similar leagues is that it gives our youth a fine, wholesome, healthy outlet for their pent-up energies that might otherwise be devoted to things far worse. True, they spend countless hours not only attending the games, but also arguing and discussing about them before and after. But don't tell me that otherwise they would spend these hours at their studies. Most young people would not.

And by the way, about the newspaper columnists who accuse the NCAA of overcommercialism—don't pay any attention to them. They're a bunch of spoiled babies. Besides, they're looking for a fight to sell their papers.

JORGE HERMAN



Wearv teacher: "How can you possibly do so many stupid things in one day?"

Pupil: "I get up early."

Mother: "It's a shame. I think our daughter Millie's new fangled hair-do looks like a mop."

Father: "So what? Mabel doesn't know what a mop looks like."

Customer: "My last pair of half-soles didn't last long at all. You must use mighty poor quality leather."

Shoemaker: "Guess you're right at that. All the good leather is going into steaks these days."

A movie company was shooting scenes for a picture when two elderly women walked in the line of the camera.

One of the camera crew shouted: "Don't go through there! A movie is being shot!"

"Well," exclaimed one woman, "if it is anything like the one I sat through last night, it certainly deserves to be."



*Over four centuries  
from Aparri to Jolo*

# A Growing Republic

Carlos P. Ramulo

*From The Rotarian*  
Courtesy of USIS



Stone by stone the edifice of a democratic republic is rising in Asia. More than 20,000,000 people are building it on a cluster of 7,097 tropic islands in the western Pacific. The Republic of the Philippines begun amid ruins less than six years ago—is on its way up, on its own.

Course by course we are achieving order and strengthening our free political institutions. Step by step we are raising new factories and planting new crops. Peso by peso we are improving our economy—having at last in 1951 balanced our national budget. It has not been easy. Difficulties and disappointments have dogged our steps all the way. Yet when we recall the low point from which we started, we are proud of what we have built thus far and full of hope for the constructive days ahead.

Our republic was born July 4, 1946. Forty-six years of United States sovereignty had come to an end, and a new era of friendship

based on gratitude and mutual respect had begun. For the first time in history one people had renounced their sovereignty over another of their own free will, by peaceful means.

How, then, have we fared with our freedom? What have we to show for our first six years of nationhood?

Our freedom not only is safe and intact but flourishing. The three co-equal branches of our Government maintain their separate powers and jurisdiction. Our courts remain unassailable in their integrity. Our educational system, furnishing the lifeblood of democracy, is growing by leaps and bounds. And our press is a free one.

Manila still is badly scarred, but on its streets rolls the heavy traffic of progress. In the historic walled city of Intramuros, the buildings of the University of the Philippines shelter industrious students. In ancient Santo Tomas University, 12,000 students are dipping deep into their books. Manila is building back with

a speed unmatched in its history. The city is larger than ever; the 1939 population of 600,000 has more than doubled and soon may reach 2,000,000. With Manila grows our new model capital of Quezon City, the shining center of our independent Government. In the open market at Quiapo, abustle with bargainers, are broader, taller stacks of goods than ever before—the result of a more productive nation.

It is true, however, that of our serious problems the most pressing and intricate continue to be in the economic field. Much remains to be done to increase living standards and establish social justice. Nonetheless, our production in many fields has reached and even passed prewar levels. During the first half of 1951, for example, our exports totalled nearly \$244,000,000 and our imports just under \$205,000,000. The leading exports were copra, sugar, abaco, coconut oil, desiccated coconut, pineapples, embroideries, chromite, rope, and copra meal, in that order.

Industry after industry has its story to tell of progress. Consider the basic grain of the Philippines—rice. During World War II, we lost more than 2,000,000 carabaos or water buffalo. Since this beast of all labors plowed rice paddies on all our islands, the loss worked a severe hardship on the producers of this staple. Now more carabaos have been purchased and raised. In addition, fertilizer is being imported to increase yields of rice. New irrigation

pumps in many localities are enabling farmers to raise two rice crops each year. We are producing more rice than before the war. Eventually our aim is to produce all the rice we use and have some left for export.

Scores of large and small factories are springing up throughout the archipelago. Men of many lands are helping us to develop these industries. Using capital, machines, and techniques from abroad, we are moving steadily. Our Philippine Air Lines, owned both by the Government and by private investors, and managed by the latter, sends its 42 airplanes two-thirds of the way around the earth and is one of the most profitable air lines in the world.

Not long ago a United Nations mission visited the Philippines. While teaching and encouraging handicrafts among rural people, these workers found a type of jute native to the Philippines. The result is that we now have a new commercial product—and a new jute-milling industry has been organized.

To foster new industries, the Government is developing our great water power with hydroelectric plants. This is only one of the ways in which the Government is aiding new businesses. To protect our young industries, and also to channel our dollar reserves into machine tools and other investments, we have restricted our imports. We also have followed strict policies of price stabilization and sound taxation which exempts new local industries.

Already we can see good results.

Prices, once inflated sevenfold, have been reduced by two-thirds. Our peso has become more stable, and the drain on our dollar reserves halted. Our young Philippine Republic is preparing for a better future with more roads and schools. Vigorously our schoolmen are pushing up the 49 percent literacy rate and building better citizens.

That we have moved ahead was evidenced by Philippine Achievement Week in 1951. For seven days, beginning with our independence anniversary, the nation was given opportunity to review its progress through a series of industrial, agricultural, health, and educational displays.

I have not wished to give the impression that all is completely well in the Republic of the Philippines. Who is the official in all the world who can make such a claim? We have problems and plenty of them.

One of these problems is that made for us by the Communist Hukbalahaps. Against them we are making great progress. Day and night our armed forces are giving them battle and pursuing them to their mountain hideouts. Roads once closed by their activities have been opened. In a short while these armed rebels will cease to be a menace as an organized force, and peace will return to our countryside.

Our Government recognizes that many rebels are merely misguided followers of the Communist leaders. Hundreds have surrendered and repented. We have a program under

way for their rehabilitation. On the Island of Mindanao are new well-built homes on tracts of 15 to 25 acres of farm land. Scores of Huk families have been resettled there. They receive pots, pans, even mosquito nets and cigarettes—and the training to become skilled, scientific farmers.

We have similar resettlement areas in Luzon, even in Manila where reformed rebels operate a carpentry shop. We want to remove all motives for their ever again becoming social liabilities. I feel certain that many of our rebels can be reclaimed, but before we can do this job we must establish order and ferret out their leaders.

As Filipino troops thus fight Communist aggression at home, they also are taking their stand in Korea under the banner of the United Nations. There they have shown their gallantry and their resolution to protect the free life. For this same reason, the Republic of the Philippines has worked out a 99-year mutual-defense treaty with the United States. In it we see an opportunity to strengthen the fabric of peace in the Pacific. Recall the words of President Harry S. Truman of the United States:

"The signing of this treaty symbolizes the close ties that bind the people of the Philippines and the United States. . . We have demonstrated that two peoples, however different they may be in background and experience, can work together. . . if they have the same belief in democracy and the same faith in freedom."

In the same spirit, we signed the Japanese peace treaty in 1951. We did so with reservations. The treaty agreed to allow Japan the development of both its industry and its military strength as a safeguard against the spread of communism in Asia. Though we believe that Japan

is in a position to pay us substantial reparations for war damages, we signed the treaty with the understanding that we could reopen separate reparation negotiations with Japan. In this way we helped preserve the harmony of the free nations.



## COMFORTER

by Antonio V. Romualdez

*With ignorant fear and lonesome heart I stand  
Upon the surf of a lost and alien land,  
My eyes are cold and cloudy with my tears  
For my soul in hunger pines for lost loved years,  
That fled with the sight of my far dear home;  
Far from the loved and farther still I roam,  
But though my land has fled my anguished eyes,  
My own dear home shall be to me — a Paradise.  
I seek the shelter of the Evening Star,  
That gleams with the beams of the moon afar. . . .  
But then do I clamor for the early rise of Dawn,  
Yet, with the sun's full glare in pain I moan.  
Then do I raise my lonely heart in prayer,  
Indeed the Lord is the greatest Comforter.*

*Our Lady's Love-pledge*

# The Rosary and You

Alfredo G. Parpan, S. J.



"Father, I know what the Rosary is, and I do know what it means, but, gosh, its rather a bit boring and monotonous, don't you think?" This is an old, familiar refrain I have heard from many a one among you, but, I am not surprised. For the answer is: you really do not know what the Rosary is; you really have not realized its meaning.

There is an old song which seems to have remained a favorite with almost everyone. The Rosary. There is in it a line that runs thus "each bead a pearl, each pearl a prayer." That is what each rosary bead is—a prayer, a prayer of praise, a prayer of petition. A prayer of faith, of hope and love.

Each time we say the "Our Father," a picture rises before us. We see Christ standing in the midst of His disciples, His arms uplifted and His eyes raised to heaven. We hear the same words we pray to this day, falling from His lips. Precious, priceless words uttered in prayer by the loving Son to the watchful Father. The disciples had asked Him: "Lord, teach us how to pray." And so Christ taught them, and gave to us this most perfect prayer — the 'Our Father.'

Each time we say the "Hail Mary" we echo angelic words — those of God's own messenger, Gabriel; we utter the blessing that fell from saintly lips — that of St. Elizabeth, and then we voice the cry of Mother Church, of mankind at large, and the cry of our own hearts when we pray to the Mother of God "to pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen"

Each time we say the "Glory Be" we lift up our own feeble nothingness and sinful humanity on par with the angelic choirs to hymn forth a praise to the Blessed Trinity—Father, Son and Holy Ghost—and this praise is far sweeter and loftier than the sweetest and sublimest music man can raise and ever sing to God.

"Each bead a pearl, each pearl a prayer." That is then what every rosary bead is—a prayer. But each bead is more than a "bead of pearl." It is better thus to consider each bead a rose. For a pearl remains cold for all its lustre, whereas a rose is something warm and vibrant. A pearl is hard and scentless; a rose is soft and fragrant. And love—human love, divine love—is not something cold and hard. It is something warm, very warm, and soft, and very tender.

Long after Mary had gone up to heaven, her mother-heart grieved for the evils and sorrows that afflicted her children on earth. And so, as the beautiful Catholic tradition goes, she hurried down to earth and gave to St. Dominic, for the rest of men, a pledge and token of her love and care. The Rosary. The Rosary, then, is the love-pledge of Mary. It is the love token of the best and most loving of mothers to her children.

This, of course, you know. You, who are her Sadalists, her Legionaries, her Catholic Actionists. Mary's own knights who are pledged in a special way to fight and labor for the cause of her Son. Mary's own children who have sworn to stay by her side and never desert the cross that surmounts the Calvary of their everyday life.

Lord Byron, the English poet, once wrote that he had "a passion for the name of Mary." You know much better than Lord Byron. Yours is the strangest, purest, manliest passion, not for just any Mary of Lord Byron, but for the one and only Mary. The Mary who gave Christ to the world in a Bethlehem cave and who, in turn, was given to the world by Christ on Calvary hill!

For you, no other Mary matters, and after her only comes then, the Mary that is your earthly mother; the Mary that, God willing, will someday be your wife; the Mary that is your sister, and the Mary in every woman you meet in this life. You love her, this Mary in the cave, this Mary on the hill. And this is the

meaning of the rosary that you wear and pray. Your burning devotion to her.

The Rosary being a garland of roses, some bright people have given to its mysteries a poetic literalness. Thus the joyous mysteries are likened to white roses, the sorrowful to red roses, and glorious to golden roses. And I am not the one to blame them; do we not all love to "say it with flowers?" When we pray the Rosary, we are being children, poets, cavaliers and knights—all at one time—paying the simplest, the most beautiful, the tenderest and gallantest address and homage to our mother and queen, and as we hold and caress each bead, we breathe in the fragrance of heaven as we think for a moment on the message and meaning of each mystery.

The joyous mysteries bring us the message of love and the value of poverty and obscurity in a world that panders so much to hate, bank notes and publicity. The sorrowful mysteries give us the lessons of obedience to authority and strict compliance to duty in a world that prides itself in its brassiness, its independence, and its practical expediencies. The glorious mysteries inspire us with hope, with reverence for our bodies and a love for chastity in a world dark with despair at the approach to the grave and festering with sensuality. This is the meaning of the Rosary, when you have fully realized it, you not only pray and wear—you live the Rosary!

"With desolation is the world made desolate because no man thinketh in

his heart." Look at the world around you today; you see how terribly true it is. Parents fail to think in their hearts and homes are broken. Statesmen scorn to think in their hearts and nations are shattered. But the

world will never be made entirely desolate while there are still men, please God, who wear and pray the love-pledge of Mary—men who think in their hearts—men who live the Rosary!

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### "I WANNA DRINK"

A priest who is pastor of a small country parish was telling us recently about a rather strange difficulty he encountered. He has a small, box-like church, and in one corner, near the door, he had placed a crook of holy water with a dipper, figuring that this location would make it easily accessible to his parishioners.

It was a good idea; but soon the mothers began to complain. Seems when they brought their small children to church, there was even more than the usual outbreak of requests for a "drink of water." For a while the parents were mystified. Then they discovered that the reason for the rash of thirstiness was the presence of the crook and dipper. The little ones could easily spot them as they squirmed in their mothers' arms; which reminded them of the wells and dippers in their farm-homes, and whether or not they had been thirsty before. The association of ideas was too much, and they promptly set up a clamor for a "drink." The pastor has removed the thirst-producing dipper from the sight of the little ones.

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### LOST LEGION

In flying over the "Hump" in Burma during the last war 468 American airplanes were lost. Presumably these planes were lost not as a result of combat, but as a result of weather or mechanical difficulties. The majority of these planes fell in the mysterious and unexplored area of Tibet, into which very few white men have ever entered and returned to tell the tale of their adventures.

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### PRATTLE

Here are a couple of further items from our Wisdom of Babes file:

A mother we heard of tells how her four-year-old son came into her bedroom during the night and said: "I'm scared. I had an awful bad dream."

"What was it all about?" said the solicitous parent.

"I don't know," said the child. "It was so bad I didn't look."



Dear Miss Marlene,

*I am a young man of 19 and a second year college student. About six months ago I happened to meet a beautiful girl who was a year older than I. She was very good and understanding. Well, we soon became fast friends and at last I fell in love with her. In as much as I am always busy at school I found no adequate time to talk to her about my feelings. So I sent her love letters.*

*At times when we meet each other I noticed that she is still good to me and as though nothing was wrong with my sending her those letters. I told her how I wanted very much to visit her but found no time to do so. And she knows it.*

*What worries me now is whether this girl loves me or not. Do you think she still cares for me?*

Worried.

Dear Worried,

**You are only 19, still studying, and much too young to concern yourself seriously about love. As you say, your studies are affected adversely, which is one of the main reasons against young people going steady and getting engaged. Youth is the time for enjoying different friends, developing one's personality, preparing one for the serious and important responsibilities of marriage. Don't handicap yourself by assuming the burdens meant for older and maturer shoulders than yours. Wait until you have finished your studies. Then you will be in a better position to propose marriage.**

Dear Miss Marlene,

*I have a pen-pal who is 18 and I am 16. We are both in the fourth year. We have written several letters to each other and I know that he is a good Catholic. He prays the rosary daily, attends the novena to Our Lady*



*of Perpetual Help and receives Holy Communion frequently. I like him for all these and enjoy corresponding with him.*

*But lately he wrote me a love letter, and I grew angry over this. I told him that I do not want to receive love letters yet because I am still 100 young to think of love. Am I right? I only want to remain friends with him and nothing more.*

"E. Lee"

Dear E. Lee,

You are right in telling your friend not to write love letters. You are only 16, and he is 18, there are still many years of studies to go through before either of you can ever think of getting seriously in love.

You need not continue writing him if you do not wish to do so. But if you prefer to write then limit yourself only to impersonal matters in your letters. Should your friend insist on writing you love letters then it would be advisable to stop writing him altogether.

Dear Miss Marlene,

*My problem dates far back to my senior high school days. I was then a member of our school paper staff and had always wanted to write. I wrote a short story and had it published in our school paper. But, my brother, said that he read a similar story before and that I could be accused of plagiarism. I was so afraid and I prayed to the Sacred Heart to help me out and promised that if He wills, on my 25th birthday I will enter the religious life*

*The years passed and I was sent to Manila to study in college. In my my second year I met a fine young man with whom we became fast friends and who later began to court me. My uncle learned of this and forbade me from seeing the man again. My brother also objected to my interest in my suitor.*

*To me, this man was an ideal life partner and a good Catholic. I wanted him to become more friendly with my relatives but they on their part definitely did not want to. One Sunday my suitor came to the house and my uncle reminded him that I am not to be courted, that I was sent here to study, and that I was too young to indulge in love affairs (I was then 21). My uncle reasoned out to me that it would not do to marry a man of my suitor's type as he has only a high school education and is just a p.f.c. at the Malacañan and was interested in me because of my college education.*

*Just before my graduation last March my suitor asked my hand, and*

*when my brother learned of this he told me to pack up to leave for home by the next boat. So here I am separated from my suitor. I received several letters from him asking me to go with him if I still love him.*

Rose

Dear Rose,

One thing I am sure about, and that is you are not bound by the rash promise to enter the convent just because you were afraid of being branded a plagiarist. That is too flimsy a motive for entering the religious life.

As to whether or not you should marry the man you love or the one your parents have picked out for you, is a pretty difficult question to answer offhand. It may sound trite but nevertheless it is very true that one cannot live on love alone. Is your fiancée able to support you and your children to come, on his salary as a private in Malacañan? Does his formal education, or lack of it, matter to you a great deal? If you think you can manage the financial angle satisfactorily and you are the type of person who does not consider a college education an indispensable qualification, then you can go right ahead and marry the man you love even without your parent's approval.

However, do not rush matters. Weigh your decision carefully and thoroughly. Discuss every angle with your parents and father confessor. Only when all amicable means have been tried and found wanting may you go against your parent's wishes. And above all pray. Pray earnestly for light and guidance for yourself, your fiancée and your parents.

Dear Miss Marlene,

*I met a man two years ago with whom I fell in love and became engaged. He wrote me twice during the first month. But after this I no longer heard from him and it has now been two years since then.*

*I again met another man with whom I fell in love and who is a student. We have been steady for almost two years but he does not know anything about the first man. Am I right in accepting this man without a word of separation from the first man? Am I right in hiding the fact of my first engagement from this man?*

White Flower

Dear White Flower,

Since the first man has not written you for almost two years now, quite a long time for not expressing himself unless something serious has occurred, it is most likely that he no longer loves you. Besides you yourself have stated that you no longer have any feeling for him, which makes it the more justifiable on your part to seek another man.

There is no need to ask from the first man for a separation as there was nothing binding between you except your mutual agreement. And since one or both of you no longer wishes the other's affection then both or either or you can break it up without any formality. This applies only to the so-called engagements that you have entered into. Nor need you relate to the second man about your previous affairs. That is your own affair to keep to yourself or divulge it to others.

As an afterthought, it is not advisable for you to get yourself engaged. You are still studying, and so is the man you love. You owe it to yourself and to the young man you love not to commit yourself to him until he is in a position to work out his future by means of a steady income. I have been advising many students not to immerse themselves in these affairs until they are through with schooling and have reached maturity. All your chances for acquiring more friends and enjoying a large company are jeopardized in these "engagement" affairs.

*Dear Miss Marlene,*

*I am a young woman of 23 years old. I've already finished my college and have a job. I am at present engaged to a young man a year my senior and have been so already for some time. I think he's just the right one for me. I love him terribly and he loves me also with the same intensity.*

*But a great trouble has happened. He has shifted his course and cannot be expected to graduate in less than two years. Aside from that my parents are greatly prejudiced against him. They object to him emphatically.*

*If I go with my young man I will break my mother's heart and incur my father's wrath. If I abide by my parent's wishes I will break my lover's heart and mine.*

*Greatly Perplexed*

**Dear Greatly Perplexed,**

Most parents, as a rule, have very good intentions for disapproving or approving of their children's choice of a life-partner. They love their children and wish only the best for them. Age and experience, furthermore, qualify them as better judges of character than their young sons and daughters.

There are exceptions, however. Some parents are selfish, dictatorial, and domineering. They cannot bear to lose their children to another; they want their children tied to their apron-strings until they are gone, leaving behind them embittered old-maids and lonely bachelors. Your parents seem to belong to the latter group. If their grounds for disap-

proving your young man are just trumped-up excuses to keep you by their side as long as they can, then you are not bound to obey them. You are now of age and have a right to choose your own life.

I would advise you to wait until your fiancee has finished his studies and until he has received a steady job to enable him to support you. If by then your parents still selfishly forbid your marrying him, you can disregard their wishes. Your mother will not die of a broken heart and your father, seeing you happy and contented, will probably relent in a short time. In the meantime, pray hard that you may do what is right, and that your parents may realize how unreasonable their attitude is. If you trust in Our Lady and place your courtship in her all-powerful hands, then rest assured everything will work out for the best.



### A SINNER'S LAMENT

Edgardo Ma. Reyes, S. J.

O wearied soul, how long will you endure  
 Your bitter woes; how long the raging sea  
 Of pain withstand; will labor never cease  
 Till ruthless death concludes life's harsh decree?

Will growing sorrow ever in your heart  
 Seek refuge; torments rack your fevered breast?  
 Will pride live on; temptation, war, and strife  
 Not end till in the grave the corpse finds rest?

Be calm, my soul, and gaze upon the Cross.  
 Was ever sorrow like to His, accurst  
 By those for whom He suffers? Listen, hear  
 His pleading cry for patient souls, "I thirst!"



The following thanks was sent by a little girl to an aunt from whom she had received a birthday present,

"Dear Aunty Gladys:

Thank you so much for the nice pin-cushion you sent for my birthday. It is a lovely pin-cushion. I have always wanted a pin-cushion, only not very much.

Your loving niece."

— London Leader Magazine.

"There's gold in them  
thar hills"

## Wealth In The Tropics

Charles Morrow Wilson

From *Think*  
Courtesy of USIS



The two Tropic Zones of the earth are regions of potential abundance for all people, the durable cradles of life, the great strongholds of perennial growth and basic production. They also are crucial spheres of decision between totalitarianism and democracy. They form an inevitable basis for an economy which can raise the standard of living of the world, and if democracy is to live mankind as a whole must live better than it now lives.

The tropics include most of the habitable frontiers which remain on earth. They are arenas of increasing human population. The tropical population now totals near 1,200,000,000 people — almost half of all mankind — and is increasing at the rate of about 40,000 people a day.

While two-thirds of the current increase in human population is taking place in the Tropic Zones, at least two-thirds of all tropical lands still have too few people for the effective or immediate development of their natural resources. As this shortage of people gradually is over-

come, the world-wide importance of the tropics is certain to become even more momentous.

The tropics are those regions of land and water which receive maximum sunpower—a total of 16,000,000 square miles representing about one-third of the habitable earth. Paralleling the Equator, the Tropic of Cancer and Tropic of Capricorn extend a distance of 23 degrees and 27 minutes north and south of 0 (zero) degrees latitude.

There are many tropical impediments, but there are still more tropical advantages. The greatest advantage is the superior sunpower, which creates superior power to produce good. A given measure of human energy capably applied to a given resource is more productive in the tropics than anywhere else on earth. Vegetative and bacterial growth is far more rapid in the tropics than in the Temperate Zones. The growth of a tree, for example, may be from two to nine times as fast.

Farming is mankind's most effective means for benefiting from the

momentous and seemingly limitless advantages of tropical sunpower. More than four-fifths of all tropical peoples today are agrarians.

Adding to the bounties of superior sunpower is the comparative certainty that the greater part of the rich soils remaining on the earth is in the tropics. Whether this will continue to be true depends largely on the way the soil is used by humans. Even the richest of soils are a perishable film rarely exceeding seven or eight inches in depth. While tropical sunpower performs bountifully in building and rebuilding soils, they can be eroded and destroyed by the tropical rains. Soil conservation practices must be observed there as elsewhere.

The tropics are free of the freezing winters which require farmers in the Temperate Zones generally to plant crops every year. Perennial crops are more economical and effective, since the growing of annual crops means plowing, seeding, and other, cultivation each successive spring. The tropics are the age-old strongholds of the great perennial crops which live and flourish without the penalty of winter killing and without the expensive hazard of leaving valuable soils uncovered during much of the year. The majority of tropical crops require planting only once in several years, or once in a decade, or quarter-century, or half-century, or even once a century. A planting of such tropical staples as bananas, cocoa, or coffee bush is good for at least 25 years of recurrent harvest. Once started well,

the great perennial crops of the tropics require little or no cultivation.

In the Temperate Zones, most crops thrive only in soils which have been drained of water. The tropics have crops which grow best in wet soil, including such valuable root crops as taro, a staple starch food, and dasheen, a root crop which holds exceptional promise as an important international source of industrial starches, cellulose, alcohol, engine fuels, and animal foods.

Grasses are primary crops, and the greatest grazing areas are in the tropics. About two-thirds of the great forests are in the tropics. Next to trees and grasses, which include the common grains, palms are the most valuable of all crops and perhaps the least developed. More than 3,000 varieties of bearing palms are known, yet probably not more than 1 percent of the tropical palm crops is being harvested.

Most great tropical shorelines lack good harbors, yet these can be built. The rivers, too, can be developed for economical navigation.

Tropical development has been handicapped by mountain ranges, excessive rainfall, and unnavigable rivers which impede travel and transport. Recurrent tropical storms such as trade winds, monsoon, typhoons, and hammattans, endanger tropical shipping. Yet the advantages are far more than proportionate. For the tropics and the people who live and work there, a future of great promise lies ahead.

## The Chaperone

Pen Pal Column conducted  
By AUNT LUISA



How are my little dears? Doing a desperate last-minute hoarding of facts for the coming exams? You poor kids! Well... look here, if you promise Auntie to be very good boys and girls and take the semestral exams extra-seriously, we'll put the "halloween get-together" plan into action right after the exams! Awfully thrilled? I don't blame you. You see, we are planning to have another "how-are-you" affair before Christmas... and I was just thinking, ... supposing we make it a halloween party this time for a change? Wouldn't it be simply great to have such an affair complete with pumpkins, witches and all? We might even be able to raise some money to help the poor on Christmas! As for the time, the place and the g...er... the date, I mean, we will get in touch with you as soon as we get them definitely settled, huh?

There are so many things to be considered before invitations are finally sent out, y'know. Your response to the proposed affair for

instance, will determine whether we hold the affair or not. So, how about letting me know how you feel about it?

And speaking of getting together, Peps D-104 wrote in, asking if they, our cousins in Mindanao, that is, can have their own "hello" activities too. Sure, go right ahead, Peps. As for old Aunt Luisa going over there to share the fun with you, well... well... if only my rickety bones could stand the trip! Thanks no end, anyway.

While waiting for the list of names of our pen-friends abroad, do write any of the following boys a few lines of cheer. Through the courtesy of Mr. Juan Villasanta, the correspondent of the Evening News to Korea, and through the untiring efforts of Adolfo V-111, we got hold of a partial list of names of our 19th BCT soldiers in Korea. It seems their problem No.1 out there is not so much as how to fight the the commies as how to fight back LONELINESS. Aw, I know it will take you

just a whole five minutes at the most to write those chin-up notes that would mean so much to them. So please, kids... don't fail them now! Let's not only pray for them but let's cheer them up too!!! I'll mail your letters for you.

T/Sgt Jose D. Vega  
 S/Sgt Francisco Diaz  
 S/Sgt Mariano Fontanilla  
 Sgt Arthur Fetalvero  
 Sgt Leonardo Olegario  
 Cpl Lucas Abiler  
 Cpl Abelardo Castañeda  
 Cpl Pastor Estael  
 Cpl Basilio Lubong  
 Cpl Ubaldo Mejadas  
 Cpl Manuel Petilla  
 Cpl Rodrigo Sison  
 Cpl Roberto Velarde

By the way, may I request those non-members who are thinking of sending their letters to the Australian girls and to any foreign pen-chums whose names will appear in this column in the future, through me, to enclose an envelope and the prescribed number of stamps with their letters. I hope you understand. Y'see, I can't possibly keep on sending so many letters abroad from non-members... why, the family's stamp and envelope reserves would disappear in a minute!

What d'ya know, we have a dozen of new members this month... and what members! All bubbling with life!!! Welcome dears, step right into the parlor and meet the rest of the brood.

Heading the line is a very lively teenager and a colegiala too. Felicitas D-112 Her weakness, she confesses, are chicken salad and fried chicken. Swoons; Tony Curtis, Dale Robertson, and Rary Calhoun. Likes corresponding with happy people and cheering for the school next door-San Beda College.

Jake C-127 another recruit of Adolfo V-111, was one of the delegates of Letran to the SCA confab this year. He is not in Letran now, though. He is at present taking Fine Arts in UST. Hmm... I don't know, but I've always regarded Fine Arts students with a special interest.

Greatly inspired, so she sez, (ehem!) by the Chaperone family's bandwagon. Personal data includes-Hobbies; letter-writing, reading novels, listening to radio programs. School; Legaspi College Education; sophomore commerce. Favorite tune; "All the Things You Are"

Also from Bicolandia is Remedios G/28 who is enjoying a well-earned rest from teaching. Sure, you are welcome, Remy. You will have lots of fun exchanging "school-marm" chit-chats with the other ma'ams in the family, I guaranty you that!

The Green Archers have two door-die fans down in Cebu in the persons of Ma. Cristina L-123 and Carmen P-111. The newest assets of Colegio de la Inmaculada Concepcion in the family, Cristina and Carmen are the very pictures of atomic-age teenagers. Besides being seniors in CIC,



they have a knack for hoarding college pins, stickers, and pencils.

Libertad N-104 introduced herself in a very chummy way. Just a four-teen-er, she can very well hold her own when it comes to executing that very delicate feminine art-embroidery.

Last but certainly not the least, is a gang of happy-go-lucky young gents from San Fernando Pampanga. We've got to hand it to Alice B-114 for convincing her jolliest bunch of cousins to join us.

First, and I bet the naughtiest, is Eddie B-121 who finally made it and graduated from Dentistry last March. A bundle of mischief, he claims he's extremely dark that he can stand in for Gungo Din anytime. Gosssssh!

Cresencio "pretty boy" L-124 is a senior in Pampanga Institute. "He is never hungry" complains Eddie B-121 no wonder he is such a tall boy.

Hats off to our future "attorneys-out-law", Ador G-111 and Bennie

L-125 who will give you a good doze of laughing gas when they are around. I can just imagine...

Avelino V-115 besides being a sophomore radio technician at Feati specializes in eating, loves music and dancing.

Seventeen-er, Maning V-116 talks basketball, dreams basketball, reads basketball day in day out. Well I guess basketball captains are like that. He is captain of St. Lucy's Basketball Team, y'know.

S'long, children... girls do take very good care of yourselves. Don't ever, ever dare go out alone. Pray hard to our Lady of the most Holy Rosary to preserve you from harm always.

Seminarian of the month is Exequiel Singson Jr. Seminarian-help; Queen of the most holy rosary, pray for us.

Aunt Luisa

P. S.

FALSE ALARM! Marcia E-106 cancelled her trip to the US at the last minute. Ah, women!!!



#### Complaint of the Average Newspaper Reader

The daily press  
Has much to depress:  
Wars and fears,  
Crimes and tears;  
All the news  
Serves to confuse...  
Except the reports  
On Sports.

LGM



*For Women Only*

# Maria Clara

by Pete

**I**F we were to tell you a story of Stalin, we would dig from endless books written on the terror of this century, and we would most proudly write our names in the boldest letters, as the great champions of democracy. If we were to tell you the story of the atomic bomb, we would paint the picture of Hiroshima and the thousands of maimed and ghastly bodies of those who could not tell its story. But we are about to tell you the story of a woman... and brother, for Pete's sake, don't give us away. To write her story, we must hide behind the barricades of anonymity.

Pete and I here fully realize the booby-trap infested ground on which we must travel. One false slip, and Pete and I would be mysteriously slipped away into oblivion.

That is why if by chance you should know our real identities, for Pete's and Pat's sake, guard it as the most secret of all secrets, and never, never... leave it with a woman.

Our dear Diana come into the office the other day and simply blew her top about the inefficiency of the present generation of Maria Claras in the handling of thread and needle. She can spend hours on hours gingerly painting her face with lipstick, mascara, pan cake flour, rouge, etc, and trimming her nails to a "T". But with a needle and thread, she becomes clumsy as an elephant.

We had to put stoppers in our ears, and our desks needed extra weights to keep our papers from flying in all directions. And speaking of directions, we were able to put this down as our gleanings from our dear Djona's lecture on sewing.

Every woman, I am sure, realizes that the fine art of sewing is as valuable today as it was in her grandmother's day. Not only the lasting personal satisfaction and the useful

skills she acquires, but also the needed economy in these hard times of high cost of living make it necessary for many women to learn how to sew. To help the home sewer in her sew-

# of 1952

## and Pat



ing methods in order not only to insure a smooth finish in all her workmanship but also make sewing for her a pleasant experience, I shall from time to time give her some tips.

As a start here are some useful hints for the beginner.

1. If one can afford a sewing room, it would be ideal, but since not many women have the space a closet with shelves would do.

2. A list of your sewing equipment must include an iron, ironing board, pressing cloth, scissors long and small, pin-cushion, pins needles, razor blades, tape measure, yardstick, thimble, scrap basket or box, a place to cut, thread, paper for pattern, material, full-length mirror, good light, time, patience and common sense.

3. Before starting to sew the right sewing tools must be in the sewing box and place near by.

4. Whether the sewing will be

done with hands or with the machine, the right posture in sitting is important for the health.

5. The use of the thimble is a "must" in sewing.

6. Fine needles and thread must be used for fine materials, and coarse needles and thread for coarse materials.

7. The right side of the material can be recognized by means of the selvedge.

8. When sewing with the hands the correct length of the thread is from the fingers to the elbow.

9. Know the possibilities of your machine. Those attachments which come along with it were made to be used.

10. Learn the names of the most important parts of your sewing machine so you can identify them. They are usually shown in the diagram in the instruction book.

All of which should be a real "trash... ure" for our up and coming Filipina mothers. Take it from Pete, here. He says the easiest way into his heart is through the eye of a needle through the folds of his stomach. If women can only realize how much a man's stomach means to him. Stalin, they say, never holds a meeting on an important issue

without a banquet, which is probably the reason also why Men flock to Manila hotel to hold a political caucus. So there you are, we are rambling... we know, but how else can we speak of women without rambling?

And here comes another of those more serious Maria Clares. She claims to be a journalist, too. When you write, she says, don't labor too much for effect. Convey a message. Write something. Don't just type. Write. So she wrote... about camotes. From a journalistic point of view, we were a little reluctant about publishing this thing about camotes. It has no local appeal. But it sure had, when the Japs were around, she vehemently retorted. So we let it go at that.

When arguing with a woman, special ethics says take the safer side—that, is shut up. Pete here has a story about a woman who was brought in for her debut in Judgment Hotel. The priest was saying the last prayers for the dead, and just as he was about to end, the dead woman sat up and said, "Amen." She had the last word.

And there was the other kind, who in life was always late. She was late for baptism, she always came late for Sunday, and when she finally kicked the bucket, she was late for the funeral!

But we must go on with this literary piece on camotes.

The recent "hot potato" scandal gave us a fine idea for our column-camote. The Irish or white potato is a scarcity due to governmental restrictions. The limited quantities of the Philippine grown variety puts it beyond most homemakers' budget. So this time we will turn our attention to the versatile sweet potato, locally known as the camote.

The camote has practically the same food value as white potatoes, although the yellow variety contains considerably more pro-vitamin A. Sweet potatoes do not contain much calcium, iron and ascorbic acid, but they add materially to the total intake when eaten in large amounts. They are found in almost all localities throughout the year, and are therefore purchasable at reasonable prices.

Besides being used in vegetable

dishes, sweet potatoes may be successfully prepared for delicious deserts or they may be simply fried, boiled or roasted in their skins and served with or without grated coconut and sugar for snacks. They are excellent too, for French fries. Best results are obtained by cutting them in uniform sizes, for when pieces varying widely in size are fried at the same time, the larger piece will be underdone while the smaller pieces are properly brown.

Sweet potatoes should not be soaked in water as soaking will dissolve the soluble nutrients in vegetables. From kitchen-tested recipes, it has been found that sweet potato slices will not discolor when pared just before frying and only in quantity sufficient for one deep frying at a time. Furthermore, unsoaked sweet potato

slices will not stick together during frying. The ideal frying process should be so timed that the fried slices reach the table within a minute or two after they come from the pan.

Features characteristic of good quality sweet potatoes are an unblemished skin, firm flesh and the absence of dark brown streaks in the flesh. Sweet potatoes decay easily from moisture, hence they should be stored dry and piled loosely for ventilation, preferable in baskets. They should not be placed next to wet vegetables.

Try these recipes from the Institute of Nutrition:

#### **Candied Sweet Potatoes**

Wash 5 potatoes and peel thinly. Have 1/2 cup water, 1 cup sugar and a little salt heated to boiling. As the potatoes are peeled, leave whole or cut in half and drop into syrup, turning to coat all over. Cover tightly, reduce heat, cook slowly, turning potatoes from time to time until they are tender and translucent and syrup is cooked down to a thick candy-like consistency. Add butter, turning potatoes to mix well, and continue cooking 5 minutes longer. Serve hot with syrup over them. Sweet potatoes also be glazed by heating peeled, boiled potatoes and syrup in a covered pan in a moderate oven (375 degree F.). Turn occasionally and add butter just before serving. 5 servings.

**Variation**—Hot boiled, well-drained sweet potatoes may be drizzled generously with melted butter, sprinkled with either brown or granulated sugar,

and baked in a moderately hot oven (400 degrees F.), uncovered, until brown and sugar-crustured.

#### **Mashed Sweet Potatoes**

Cook sweet potatoes by boiling in their skins. Remove from skins and mash. Add butter, allowing about 3 tablespoons for 5 medium sweet potatoes, and salt and sugar or strained honey to suit taste; then whip until fluffy with a fork or wooden spoon.

A little grated orange rind and a dash of sherry whipped into the seasoned potatoes add interesting flavor.

For Sweet Potato Puff, pile the mashed potato lightly in a shallow baking dish and brown in the oven.

#### **Camotes with Pineapple Sauce**

**Ingredients**—4 cooked sweet potatoes, 3 tbsps. butter or margarine, 2 tbsps. flour, pinch of salt, 1 cup unsweetened pineapple juice.

**Method**—Peel sweet potatoes thinly and slice in half lengthwise. Pan-fry in butter over medium heat until lightly crusted on both sides and tender all the way through. Remove potatoes and keep hot. Blend flour and salt in to butter remaining in pan; add pineapple juice gradually and cook until thick, stirring constantly to keep smooth. Immediately pour hot sauce over sweet potatoes and serve. Garnish with a few flecks of jelly. 4 servings.

#### **Sweet Potatoes with Bacon**

**Ingredients**—3 strips bacon, 3/4 cup chopped onion, 1 tsp. salt, 1/4 to 1 tsp. sugar, 4 medium sweet potatoes, cooked and peeled.

**Method**—Cut bacon into half-inch

pieces. Put into a saucepan and saute with onion until done, or about 5 minutes. And the diced sweet potatoes and seasonings and cook over medium heat until sweet potatoes are hot through and acquire a golden crispy crust on under side. Serve immediately.

#### Sweet Potato Balls

**Ingredients**—2 cups hot, riced

A woman is that strange, delicate, intricate figure, which even the exactness of science cannot fathom. Within the narrow confines of that multi-colored dress is locked up the most potent of all dynamites, the most explosive of all explosions. Pete here cannot even dare to imagine the horrible picture of Hiroshima were a woman dropped there instead of an atomic bomb. Do you know that a woman, Lise Mietner, was instrumental in the perfection of the atomic bomb?

And even more so with our Filipinas. As an Oriental she has inherited the shiftiness of the moonsoons that flood Manila. She comes in Ruths, and Annies, and Ivies. In her loves, she has the constancy of Sol; in her temper, the heat of the tropical sun.

And to top it off our versatile Mang Pepe gives a few "trash...ureless" hints on getting the dirt off your face—to be read, remembered, and handed down to generations as an heirloom.

*Dirt-washing is no fun. It is sheer drudgery almost akin to slavery although just as indispensable; it gives one the experience of seeing one's beads of perspiration mingling with the wash-water which is often cleaner — I mean the wash-water; it makes one go on with the motions of scrubbing, on all fours quite often, very un-whitecollary, I dare say; and it makes us gasp-partly through fatigue — that there should be so much filth in the world, especially in magazine stands.*

But let me tell you where dirt-washing is a ritual almost as sacred as a sacrificial goat offering. Face-

sweet potatoes, 3tbsps. butter, 1/2 tsp. salt, few grains pepper, 1 egg slightly beaten.

**Method** — Combine ingredients, shape in small balls or croquettes, roll in flour or dip in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again, and fry or saute. If sweet potatoes are very dry, add hot milk to moisten. Serve 6.

*washing! No series of motions in the world can be so related to each other like a link in the chain nor practiced with so much fidelity and attention to details as that of getting the dirt off your face. It is a custom almost as universal as spitting on the floor, and can be practiced at any hour on the face of the clock. Man's pleasure awaits no time and tide.*

*The ritual of face-washing is at its noblest in the morning, at rising time. It contains all the elements for a sacrifice. To rise and dress up without indulging in face-washing is a serious breach of etiquette, an*

unforgivable CRIME, a lack of CONSIDERATION for others, a most INHUMAN ACT! (My friends think less highly of Sunday Mass!)

Well to go back to the ritual of face-washing. I said it contains all the elements of a sacrifice. Just picture yourself in the morning. You get up from bed, reluctantly of course depending upon the temperature, and swing the towel around your neck and with eyelids half open head for the washroom. At eyelevel you spy your pink soap holder on the shelf and that of your neighbor's latter, pound the sticking soap into you palm and inhale deeply the aroma which comes off the soap like the smoke in an incense burner. This is the first element of the sacrifice.

Then comes the next step. You take a deep bow, usually lower than when greeting your lola, or in church for that matter, and with great humility bury your entire face inside the wash-tub while way over your head your right hand unerringly clutches the faucet handle and lets go a torrent of water while the left wets your face. You assume again the upright position, rub your palm vigorously over the soap moistening

it with more water, and just as vigorously rubbing your palm up and down across face, careful not to get soon into your eyes to avoid profanity. Then humbly bowing again and dousing your face with the water which has been flowing from the widely opened faucet — there's plenty of water at the Metropolitan reservoir and money grow on trees.

At this point it should be borne in mind that ALL of the soap suds must be washed off the face otherwise it will be hard to rid of it especially in the cases of dry skins. This is just for women. For men it will not harm very much their lovely complexion. Warm water will greatly facilitate face-washing besides assuring the riddance of all lather. Then fresh soft water should be splashed on the face several times, just to be sure.

Well, the last process of face-washing is drying it with a fine soft towel. Be sure it is clean otherwise all the ritual will have been done in vain. Now pad the face tenderly with the towel, then gradually increase the pressure until it reaches the rubbing stage and release suddenly.

Feel that glow? That feeling of possessing a clean face? That's face-washing.

All of which is only to acquaint ourselves with the dangerous ground on which Pete & Pat must tread.



Indian chief introducing self to poleface visitor: "I am brave Eagle. This my son Fighting Bird. And this my grandson, Four-Engined-Bomber."

## GROWING UP

I come home that day and met Aling Flora, the *Javandera*, at the stairs. I stared at her quizzically as she went past me. She was red-eyed and silent. I went up. Doray, the maid, was setting the table.

"Where's Mama?" I asked.

Doray didn't answer but waved me on to my mother's room. I was puzzled. She had been scolded, I decided. She was also red-eyed. I entered the room. My mother was in bed.

"Tito," she whispered brokenly, "Ernie. . ."

It dawned then upon me what it was all about. The red eyes, the silence, and my mother in bed. I knew. It had happened. I looked at my mother on the bed. She was pale and worn out—a stricken, helpless figure on the bed.

I wanted to say something, but I couldn't. I felt suddenly weak and helpless, myself. I sat down by the bed, awkwardly took my mother's hands and listened to her broken, halting words.

She had gone to the prison, as usual, in a vain attempt to see Ernie. The guards had given her a bundle of clothing and the interpreter had pityingly told her she need never return again. Her son had been executed the previous day.

I looked at the bundle on the bed. They were the clothes Ernie had worn the day he was caught by the *kempetai*. They had also returned his wrist-watch, a rosary, and some coins. The halting, broken words stopped.

"He is all right now, Mama, all right now," I mumbled huskily, stroking the pale brow. I was clumsy about it, but that was all I could do. A vicious little rhyme kept running through my brain. Ernie was dead. Ernie was dead. Ernie, my big brother, was dead.

I wondered how my father and sisters would take it. *Pcpa* had aged so suddenly ever since that day Ernie had been dragged away by the *kempetai*. They would all be back soon, my sisters from school and Papa from his office. But till then, I could only sit there by my mother, trying to comfort her in my own awkward and clumsy way.

And as I sat there stroking my mother's brow while she lay dry-eyed, staring at me with the scared, wondering look of a hurt child in her eyes, I felt suddenly older than all my sixteen years.



*A glimpse at an Oriental  
University*

## A College In India

Chester Bowles, U. S.  
Ambassador to India

From America



In 1947 Delhi's educational facilities were taxed beyond their capacity by the influx of refugees resulting from the partition of Pakistan from India. For a while extra shifts at existing colleges were tried. Finally the Ministry set up a college in an abandoned Moslem school building. In India the Government does not operate colleges directly but partly subsidizes private institutions and exercises a very general supervision over them. Therefore the Ministry of Education invited educational authorities of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus to send American Jesuits to operate the college. The challenge was immediately accepted.

In the spring of 1951 the Jesuits, who already conducted nine well-established colleges in other parts of India, accordingly returned to the North Central part of India. They had not been represented there for centuries, from the time of the suppression of the Society in the late eighteenth century.

To get the enterprise started, an Indian Jesuit priest was despatched to Delhi. Five American Jesuits flew out from the States. They were

Fathers Paul F. Smith, Bernard W. Dempsey, John G. Choppesky, Gregory C. Huger and Brother John T. Illing. (Fathers A. F. Coomes and Andrew H. Bachuber are scheduled to join them this summer. Ed.) They left after early June examinations in Mid-Western universities in 1951 to come to mid-July classes in Delhi's noisy Qutab Road. The entire Indian faculty, numbering over thirty, was retained. On the very first day of the new classes the student body doubled to over five hundred. The college was renamed "Nirmala," which means, in the ancient classical Sanskrit language "Immaculate Lady."

Like all Government-aided colleges in the capital, Nirmala has a parent organization which subsidizes its annual deficit. The Delhi Jesuit Educational Association, a nonprofit corporation chartered in Delhi State, meets the annual deficit of the college. Student tuitions and fees meet less than one-third of the operational costs. The Government aid pays one-half of instructional costs and one-third of other costs. The college has a Board of Governors composed of

educators appointed and elected from the faculty, and public-spirited citizens appointed by the University of Delhi. The Governors must operate the college in accordance with the ordinances and statutes of the University.

While a year is too short a time to evaluate a college, university officials and responsible Government administrators have nevertheless pronounced the improvement in administration remarkable. Early in the first term, "Academicus," the educational editor of the *Hindustan Times*, wrote: "Already it has begun to look like a college. The boys have begun to conduct themselves with a new sense of dignity. The whole place has taken on an air of orderliness." *Time Magazine* pointed out that until last summer Delhi's students were one of its big postwar problems. The location of the college is in one of the noisiest and smelliest bazaars. In this environment the change for the better is all the more noticeable. To carry these improvements still further, officials plan to move the college outside the city to a calmer and more academic atmosphere than that of the city's marts.

Nirmala College is a constituent college of the University of Delhi. This is a secular university whose over-all supervision comes from the central Government. Nirmala offers college-preparatory work in both the arts and sciences, has a full pre-medical course, and has all the usual courses required in an Indian university for the degree of bachelor of

arts and science. In several academic fields the master's degree is offered to over thirty students who have enrolled this first year in the graduate program.

The broad policy of the Board of Governors is to strengthen and increase the liberal-arts program. At the same time a careful analysis, based upon the wise counsel of Indian industrialists and educators, has indicated that one of India's greatest educational needs in collegiate circles is university training in business administration, along the lines so successfully undertaken in American universities. Father Dempsey, who took his doctorate in economics at Harvard, is very well equipped to inaugurate a business-administration program, since he was for some years Regent of the School of Commerce and Finance of St. Louis University.

Efficient American business methods and concepts of business integrity can be worked into a basically liberal-arts training that will furnish business leaders and public administrators with a supply of competently trained leaders. Nirmala College, left to its own limited resources, would achieve this ideal in time. However, the Jesuit fathers are endeavoring to secure increased support from various American sources so that the university can respond more rapidly to India's present needs.

Nirmala and its American Jesuits have an opportunity to make an important contribution by improving administrative practices and procedures in both public and private enterprises.

## Would I Make a Good Communist?

(Points for self-criticism)



1. **Deep and abiding resentment** because of some injustice (real or imagined) committed against myself by my employer, by the government, the church etc.
2. Unrestrained **desire to redress injustices** (real or imagined) done to others.
3. **Impatience with inactivity** of established organizations within the state or church.
4. Inordinate **desire to be "useful"** in life.
5. Inordinate **desire for social participation**.
6. Secret ambition for **power and recognition**.
7. **Frustrated "capitalist"**. (The man who had plans for amassing some wealth but who was hindered from doing so "through no fault of my own".)
8. **Opportunism**. Playing along with the Party or the Front will get me a better job or allow me to earn some extra money on the side.
9. **Ambition to be esteemed** in some field where my talents have up until now not been recognized. Example: Now I can be an organizer, or a writer or a teacher or a leader of a group of sympathizers".
10. **Desire to be identified with a strong international movement**.
11. **Desire to have all men equalized**. Some of my competitors will then be chopped down to size.
12. **Neurotic restlessness**. Must always be on the go, doing something different, trying something new.
13. **A sense of rebellion** against authority. (May have begun back in my school days.)
14. A desire to **show off**. (Common among students, journalists and so called "intellectuals".)
15. **Escape** from the restraints of an overstrict family or community environment.
16. **Pessimism** as to the value of preserving and improving so called "Western Civilization".
17. **Exaggerated racialism**. (Sensitive about the color of my skin; "Pan Asianism," "Anti-Imperialism", "Anti-Colonialism".)
18. **Too lazy** to contribute anything positive to solve social problems. Willing to take the **easier way**

- of revolution where others do the planning, the regimenting, the leading.
19. Overcoming a feeling of frustration by personal reintegration thru Party activity.
  20. **Desire to spy** on others; be a member of some secret **underground** movement or club.
  21. **Sense of guilt** of having an unearned fortune (peculiar to certain wealthy people).
  22. **Recognition** in my own family, school, office or factory by becoming a nuisance or a "reform" agitator.
  23. **Thrill seeking** to overcome boredom (peculiar to idle rich).
  24. **Desire to dominate** others thru the use of one's fortune by helping the "good work of the Party. (peculiar to certain wealthy people)
  25. **Dislike for organized religion** because of some misunderstanding with a priest or sister. This may gradually lead to hatred of religion and finally to Atheism.
  26. **Dislike for the Catholic church** as such. (Peculiar to some Aglipayans and some Protestants.)
  27. The thrill of the **sense of my own personal importance** for the people, the "people's party," the "people's revolution" etc. hence personal deification.
  28. **Sentimental humanitarianism** as a substitute for "dogmatic" religion. The "do-gooder complex".
  29. **Soul hunger.** Peculiar to Catholics who are losing their faith, not frequenting the sacraments or who have already stopped practicing their religion. (All men must have some religion even if it is Communism.)
  30. Trying to make a **heaven on earth** hence ever growing attachment to **money** and the things money can buy. This brings up the question of the "Psychologically inadequate wage" as distinct from the living wage. All men have to control their greed; for "the more we get the more we want". We must learn to be **detached** from material things—"blessed are the poor in spirit".



The best protection against propoganda of any sort is the complete recognition of it for what it is. Only hidden and undetected oratory is insidious. What reaches the heart without going through the mind is likely to bounce back and put the mind out of business. Propoganda taken in that way is like a drug you do not know you are swallowing. The effect is mysterious. You do not know afterwards why you feel or think the way you do.

*From How to Read a Book, by Mortimer J. Adler  
(Simon and Schuster).*

# A Letter to Mother

Agnes Halden

From *Catholic Digest*



Dearest Mother:

Soon I am to be a bride. I know that you have looked forward for years to this great decision of my life, with a mixture of longing and fear. Now I can set your heart at rest, for I have chosen to give my heart to one I have known since I was a child, and whom you have known for longer than I.

Of course I love him very much. No woman could leave all that I leave to cast her lot with any lover, except that she loves him. But I have learned to care for him because his affection for me was so evident long before I responded to it.

We were such close neighbors that we saw each other every day. And he was so generous. Every time we met, he had some gift to give me. Sometimes it was only a flower, or even just a loving look and a smile, but it seemed to brighten my whole day.

I know that you can understand these things, Mother, because I know how much you like to talk with him,

too. He is so understanding.

And he is so kind. Whenever one of us was ill, he would come to see us. Just having him there made us feel better and happier, and even after he left, something of his serene and quiet manner would stay with us.

He is handsome, too. I am glad, because every girl wants to be proud in every way of the partner she has chosen to share her life. His expression is gentle, yet manly too, and no one needs to fear him unless they do wrong, for he does hate wrongdoing and sin. Yet even then, he is so willing to pardon, to forgive and help, that those who are weak can come to him, sure that he will not fail them.

He is strong, and when he is near, I know that whatever burdens life may bring, some of his strength will reach out to me, and make me strong, too. I know that he will protect me through all things in life, and that no harm can come to me while he is near.

He comes from a splendid family.

I love his mother especially. She is so dear and sweet, and she has taught me in so many ways how to do little things for him to make him happy. Of course, I knew her and loved her for so many years before I realized the depth of her son's love for me — the love that would so enfold me as to cause me to choose him as my partner for all the days of my life — that I feel quite at ease with her. And it is so nice to know that she approves of his choice, and loves me too. She is a great and gracious lady, and I know that she will always help me to please her son and to make him happy.

He won my heart in so many little ways, that I find it hard to put them into words. He chose every small opportunity to whisper his love and longing to me. At first I scarcely listened; for although I was happy when I was with him, still I liked the excitement and gaiety of the parties that others took me to — parties that he never seemed to attend.

But after a while I began to tire of the empty excitement—it all seemed rather futile. And although at first his way of life seemed dull, I began to realize that with the steady, abiding flame of his love for warmth and light and comfort, it would be a way of happiness and peace that few women have.

He did not promise me freedom from care, but he did pledge his love and loyalty, and his help. He did not promise me material riches, but he gave me his word that to-

gether we would build a happiness that nothing could change or spoil. What woman's heart would not be touched and thrilled with promises like these?

At last I could put him off no longer. I knew that I must make my decision. And so one day as he whispered his sweet words of love to me, I yielded, for I knew that wherever he went I would follow, no matter how far, no matter how rough the path.

You must come to see us very soon. I shall be so happy to show you the home that he has prepared for me. It is such a joy to keep the rooms clean and cheery, that he may find rest and haven here.

I think you will be proud and happy when you see me dressed in my white wedding dress, to pronounce my bridal vows at the altar. I know you will be proud and happy over the choice that I have made. For mine is a splendid marriage, and a glorious privilege.

I am to marry a King, to be His queen and His bride forever. His name is Jesus Christ. Yes, Mother, I am going to be a nun.

I must leave you now, for every bride goes into her husband's house. But I want you to know that I am not less your daughter, now that I leave you, but more. For Christ takes our treasures from us only to return them to use, more our own, and far more to be cherished than before.

With much love,  
Margaret.

# Having an Inferiority Complex?

L. M. Merrill

*From The Ligurian*



The term "inferiority complex," drawn from the language of psychiatry, has been used to cover a multitude of sorry-looking character defects, and even, at times, to excuse and defend them. People who would resent the charge that they are mentally weak, or in need of the attention of a psychiatrist, are nevertheless inclined to welcome the half-veiled sympathy that accompanies the statement that the root of their troubles is an "inferiority complex." Here are some of the bad character traits that are obscured by such pseudo-scientific jargon.

1. Sometimes what is called an inferiority complex is nothing other than cowardice. Cowardice means running from a task or duty because it is hard, requires effort, demands sacrifices. There is nothing wrong mentally with the coward; often as not he is very sharp and shrewd; he knows just what it will cost him to do his duty, and he decides not to pay the price. He should not be

honored by being told that he is the victim of an inferiority complex. Rather he should be aroused to a sense of duty by religious motives, backed by a reasonable amount of respect for his good name and the opinion of others.

2. In other instances, what is called sympathetically an inferiority complex is but undisciplined vanity. Vain people often reach a point where they are so concerned over their reputation or their fear of not coming up to their own expectations of their abilities that they simply give up trying to accomplish anything. Such people will usually be found to be grossly critical of others' deeds, while they do nothing themselves. This is not an inferiority complex, but rather a superiority complex. They do not want to take a chance of not being recognized for the geniuses they think they are.

3. A third weakness that may at times be attributed to an inferiority complex is simply sloth. A man at-

tempts nothing and accomplishes nothing because he is lazy and unwilling to work. Instead of pointing out the ugliness of sloth, which is obviously the moral weakness responsible for his idleness, too many people honor him by giving an unscientific appraisal of inferiority complex. The slothful man is usually glad to accept that designation in lieu of the true one, and to go on enjoying his idleness.

Something of the general weakness of all psychiatry is evident here. In its origins and among some of its practitioners, it has covered over moral weaknesses that have plain, down-to-earth names and ready remedies with erudite terms that make the moral weakling think that he is merely the helpless victim of a popular disease. There are mental diseases, but they are not the same as moral weaknesses.



The country boy, watching his first game of golf, was amused at the heroic efforts of a man in a sand trap to extricate himself. Finally the man belted the ball just right and dropped it on the green and rolled into the hole. "Gosh," chuckled the boy, "he's going to have a hard time getting out of that one."



"Have a good night?" the hostess asked sweetly of the house guest who had slept on a couch.

"Fairly good," he answered promptly. "I got up from time to time and rested."

"After all," said the philosopher, "vacations are easy to plan. The boss tells you when. The wife tells you where."

—Houghton Line



According to Quote, Albert Einstein, in the course of a newspaper interview, offered his idea of success in the following formula:

"If  $a$  is success in life, I should say that the formula is  $a$  equals  $x$  plus  $y$  plus  $z$ ,  $x$  being work, and  $y$  being play.

"And what is  $z$ ?" asked the reporter.

"That," was the answer, given with a smile, "is keeping your mouth shut."



# The Bible—A Catholic Book

Thomas E. Kissling

From the Columbia



Commemorating the 500th anniversary of the first book printed from movable type—the Gutenberg Bible—a special Catholic Bible Week will be observed throughout the United States, September 28 to October 5. The occasion will also mark the greatest accomplishment to date of American Catholic Biblical scholarship—a translation of the Bible from the original languages—by members of the Catholic Biblical Association of America, under the patronage of the Bishops' Committee of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. The first volume, due off the press during Bible Week, will contain eight books of the Old Testament.

Catholic participation in the nationwide observance of Bible Week will feature Bible exhibits and programs in libraries, schools and the press, with the slogan: "A Catholic Bible in Every Catholic Home."

It was the devout Catholic, Johann Gutenberg, and his invention of printing 500 years ago, that made it possible for every family to have its own copy of the Bible. Before that

time, it was the holy monks, with their great love for the Word of God, who laboriously copied by hand the words of the Bible, working daily from dawn until dark. But for them, we would have no Bible. These volumes copied by hand indeed proved far too expensive and too few for popular use. But in the first fifty years following the invention of printing, 124 editions of the Latin Vulgate (as translated about 400 A.D. by St. Jerome) appeared from the early presses.

## Gutenberg Chose the Bible

It was not surprising that Gutenberg, good Catholic that he was, chose the Bible as the first book to come from his printing press. He was born Johann Gensfleisch, about 1400, in Mainz (Mayence), Germany. His father, Friele Gensfleisch, who died in 1418, was a city tax official and his mother, Else Wirichzum Gutenberg, died about 1433. Since she was the last of her line, her eldest son, Johann, assumed her surname, the custom of the time.

From documents still extant, we know that Johann Gutenberg lived as a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, while engaged in the experiments that brought about his invention of printing. In one document written by him in 1434, he mentions that he lived at the Franciscan Convent of St. Arbogast, in Strasbourg. He is also listed on the membership book of St. Victor Brotherhood, of Mainz, and in their list of deceased members (undated). A letter written February 26, 1468, indicates that he died in either January or February, 1468. A book printed in 1499 mentions that he was buried in the Franciscan Church, across the street from his print shop in Mainz. The church was destroyed in 1742, and all trace of his tomb was lost.

Because of political activities, Gutenberg's family was forced to settle for a while in Strasbourg (1430). Court records here and in Mainz (1448) show that he was sued for not divulging to his two partners the "mysterious process" involving the "use of lead." He apparently borrowed huge sums of money to further his experiments in "artificial writing" and was sued for repayment. Most authorities seem agreed that the printing of his first Bible, which he began in 1450, was completed by 1455, for in that year he was sued by Johann Fust (or Foust), a goldsmith and money-lender who claimed that he, as a partner, was to have a share in Gutenberg's "work of the books,"

and demanded the return of the money and all printing tools and equipment. The result was that Fust took over the business and actually marketed the Bible, selling the first copies as genuine manuscripts.

Of an estimated edition of 200 copies—165 on paper and 35 in volume—only 45 copies of what is now known as the Gutenberg Bible have been found and of these only 21 are perfect, the others being incomplete. It is also known as the "42-line Bible" because it has on each page, two 42-line columns, 3 7/16 inches wide and a column length of 11 1/8 inches. The size of the volume varies according to the fancy of the binder; some of the early bindings are 15 3/4 inches high and 11 1/2 inches wide. A perfect copy comprises 641 leaves (1282 pages). No date or place of printing or printer appears on the work.

A two-volume edition in the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, bears the date (1456) signed by the illuminator on the day he completed his work. In the first days of printing the publisher sold, not a completely assembled book, but a set of gathered and folded printed sheets. The purchaser took these to his own bookbinder and then the bound volume was taken to a "rubricator" who lettered in the chapter headings in colors in ink, painted in some initial letters and added certain pen strokes to capital letters in the text. For an additional fee, an "illuminator" would execute

in gold or colors certain marginal decorations. Rubrication, illumination and binding would easily take six months to complete.

The Gutenberg Bible as such was apparently lost to the record of scholars until it was found in 1763 by the noted bibliographer, Francois Guillaume de Bure, in the Cardinal Mazarin library in Paris. Because of the publicity given to the discovery it was known for a time as the "Mazarin Bible". It is bound in two volumes in 18th century red morocco and is a perfect copy on paper.

#### Two Copies in Catholic Hands

Of the 45 copies of the Gutenberg Bible, one census lists only two copies in Catholic hands, although most of them were originally in the libraries of monasteries in Europe. Both of these copies are incomplete and are preserved in the Vatican Library. A two-volume copy with six leaves missing, was acquired by the Vatican Library, in 1901, from the Barberini Library. Another edition on paper, (Volume One only) with nine leaves missing, was acquired by the Vatican Library, in 1921, from the library of Cavaliere Giovanni Francesco De Rossi, from Linz, near Vienna. An original leaf of this first printed Bible, the gift of His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York, reposes in the library of St. Bonaventure University, a Franciscan institution at St. Bonaventure, N. Y.

In his census of copies of the

Gutenberg Bible, compiled in 1950 by Edward Lazore for the "Antiquarian Bookman," there are twelve countries represented: United States, 12; Germany, 11; Great Britain, 8; France, 4; Spain, 2; Vatican State, 2; Austria, 1; Denmark, 1; Poland, 1; Portugal, 1; Scotland, 1; Switzerland, 1. Of the twelve listed in the United States, five are perfect.

Visitors to New York are indeed fortunate in having available there at least six copies of the Gutenberg Bible, as follows: three in the Pierpont Morgan Library (one perfect); one perfect copy at the private library of Carl H. Pforzheimer; an imperfect copy at the New York Public Library and an imperfect copy at the General Theological Seminary. (One compiler lists a copy in possession of Charles Scribners, Publishers). A perfect copy on paper, formerly in the library of the Benedictine Monastery of Melk, Austria, is now in the Yale University Library, New Haven, Conn. Another perfect copy on paper, now in the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., was bequeathed in 1471 by Father Johann Vlyegher, of Utrecht, to the Monastery of Soest, near Amersfoort, Holland. Other copies (imperfect) are in private libraries at Queens-town, Md., Titusville, Pa., and San Marino, California.

Best preserved copy of all, and the only one of the 45 which is bound in three volumes, is the perfect copy on vellum, in the Library of Congress,

in Washington, D. C. Bound in white calf, stamped in blind, it bears the binder's date of 1560, is valued at more than \$1,000,000, and said to be the most valuable book in the world. It was acquired by the Library of Congress in 1893 as part of the Vollbehr collection of 3,000 books of 15th century printing, purchased by the United States Government for \$1,500,000.

This Bible was formerly owned by the Benedictine monks of St. Blasius, in the Black Forest of Germany. In July, 1769, the precious volumes were nearly lost forever, when a disastrous fire destroyed the cloister and library there. The abbot saved these and a few other prized codices by throwing them out the window. Not only fire but wars have threatened the safety of these volumes. During the Napoleonic Wars the monks found it necessary to flee with their monastic treasures to the Abbey of St. Paul, in the valley of the Lavant, in Carinthia. The three-volume Gutenberg Bible remained there until 1926, when it was purchased by Dr. Otto F. H. Vollbehr, of Berlin, for \$305,000. A special cabinet made for the Library of Congress, and modeled after one designed by Michelangelo for a Florentine Library, now exhibits the precious volumes to thousands of visitors to Washington each year. During his visit to the United States, in October, 1936, His Holiness Pope Pius XII, the then Cardinal Secretary of State, Eugenio Pacelli,

spent some time with Librarian Putnam viewing the famous copy of the Gutenberg Bible. The library also possesses a large oil portrait of Gutenberg, the work of an unknown Rhinish artist, the gift of Mr. Gabriel Wells.

In the New York Public Library is Edward Loring's mural of Gutenberg in his printshop showing a proof of his work to his patron, the Elector of Mainz. It is this painting which will be reproduced on a three-cent commemorative postage stamp of the United States to be released on September 30—the Feast of St. Jerome—bearing the legend: "500th Anniversary of the printing of the first book, The Holy Bible, from movable type, by Johann Gutenberg." The philatelic event will coincide with the national observance of Bible Week. Father Henry Gunther, pastor of St. Christopher's Church at Mainz, staunch friend of Gutenberg, who aided him in putting the sheets through the press, is not shown in this painting.

Strassburg, Mainz and Frankfurt have erected worthy monuments to Johann Gutenberg. The Gutenberg Museum in Mainz has a reconstructed press and print shop of the inventor. All of the Gutenberg documents thus far brought to light have been translated into English (from the work of Dr. Karl Schorbach) by Douglas C. McMurtrie, of Evanston, Ill., noted authority on the history of printing.

Monuments, museums, books, post-

age stamps in his honor—yes; but his greatest monument is his first printed book, the 42-line Bible. As the editor of the "Antiquarian Bookman" has said: "No other art, craft or science reached such a degree of perfection as did Gutenberg with his printing of his first complete book,

the 42-line Bible. It has stood the test of 500 years and it is still a triumph and a monument to the man." Indeed, "No honor is too great to pay the man who was chiefly responsible for the most epochal of man's inventions."



## I SAW CHRIST

Francis Cardinal Spellman

*I saw Christ standing before me on  
a little hill  
Beheld Him there all wounded and  
forlorn  
And this was Christmas and the place,  
Korea,  
And mine the privilege to offer Sacrifice  
Amid the strange choring of batteries  
of war  
And stuttering machine guns amid the  
quiet ranks  
Of men whose business was to play  
with Death,  
To gamble Life—men who knew the  
stakes,  
But still must wondering ask  
What many back at home are asking  
now  
These long drear months—"What is  
the purpose  
Of this holocaust?" Must we the  
greatest of*

*The freeborn world appease with our  
sons' blood  
This horde already crimsoned with a  
nation's rage?*

*I turned from silent faces to the  
shaken ridge  
And there saw Christ, the sorrowful,  
who wept  
Outside the city that would not receive  
Its Saviour and His face was drawn  
With all the agonizing pain of those  
Who crawled atop that granite altar  
Men now called Heartbreak Ridge.  
I held Him in my hands and prayed  
His mercy on the living and the dead.  
For friend and foe I prayed, for well  
I know  
The guilty are not dying at the front.  
The noble die, like Christ upon the  
hill.  
The noblest here pay Freedom's  
fullest price  
They die—that we may live!*

*There's an ad that's  
always hung up*

## WANTED: IDEA MEN

Antonio Joaquin



"Boss, may I ask you a question?" queried Johnny.

"Sure," replied the advertising manager.

"Well, you see sir, I have been working here for about six months now and I still don't get enough salary to make both ends meet."

"You should have told me that long ago, before you even accepted the job!" cried his boss.

"When I came here I thought the salary was reasonable, but lately, you see," hesitated Johnny, "I noticed that Mr. Taylor, who just joined us three months ago, working only three hours a day, gets P350.00 a week, while I, working eight hours a day get one third his salary." vehemently declared Johnny.

"Young man," chided the manager, "if you can do the job he is doing in a shorter length of time, I'll give you double his salary!"

Fictitious? Of course not. People just don't get to know what an advertising agency is, and for that matter, any kind of lucrative business. The core of any prosperous enterprise is *creative imagination*. Motion

pictures, industrial firms, mining concerns, the merchant marine, science, and other formidable enterprises are in need of men with IDEAS—constructive ones; something different.

An account executive in an agency should have a nodding acquaintance with all the branches in that field. The Art department is under his supervision. He must have a working knowledge of colors, layouts, and balance in a layout. The Radio department depends mainly on the account executive for the copy; that is, what to include and how to set up an ad smartly. He is the person who approves of things according to his standards, experiences, and talents.

Natalie Kalmus, the only woman adviser on motion picture photography, is mainly responsible for a number of academy awards in Hollywood. Abe Burrows, noted critic, litterateur, and gag writer, dilly-dallies around his home everyday keeping no regular office hours; (his den is located at the NBC studios) his job is to think of new twists for old jokes, new angles for old material.

Two years ago, he re-wrote the script of Damon Runyan's "Of Guys and Dolls" and put it on the stage. It is still being shown on Broadway today.

Robert Q. Lewis, was just an insignificant boy at the NBC studios several years ago, and little did the manager think that the lad possessed a brilliant imagination. One night, when a member of a "soap-opera" team failed to show up, Bob Lewis immediately "pinch-hit" for the part and won not only the acclaim of the producer of the play but also NBC's station manager. From that time on, he had a job as "all around man" of NBC. It is amazing to note that this Lewis fellow who was a nobody a few years back, is now the most valuable man in the studio. Owing to the uniqueness of the job, Robert Q. (as he is commonly known around the station) does not have any regular show. He just hangs around the NBC lot and pinch—its, emcees, produces, directs, sings, and even handles the controls if the technician doesn't feel well. In other words, he is a regular trouble-shooter. His last "pinch-hitting" task for the Arthur Godfrey show (Art has allotted to him three months vacation per annum) made him so popular that Art had to leave Hawaii sooner for fear of losing his job. That last remark is of course a joke among NBCers because Bob and Art are the best of friends.

Without going very far, we can

talk about people here in the Philippines—here in Manila. Joe Reyes, the former script writer of "Campus Capers" the Filipino counterpart of a Jack Benny Show or a Bing Crosby Show in the States, is now a "jingle" man—that is, one who composes a few lines of verse and melody in order to advertise a product.

After the short (three months) career of "Campus Capers" he joined a promotion company which broke up sooner than they expected. He was the "idéa" man in that outfit. Then with four mouths to feed he got himself a scripters job at DZBC. Of and on he records jingles which brings him a small amount of talent fees quite helpful for the family.

It has been a general observation that younger generations basically have countless fresh ideas. Besides, they will be the pistons that will drive the machine of civilization in the future. Jet pilots are regularly tested and retested in order to find signs of muscle weakening, or other faults that would disqualify him from flying. It all boils down to youth. The merchant seamen will soon have a provision stating that masters of vessels should be young and healthy. Today, New York officials see to it that the older policemen are placed behind desks while the younger ones do the beat-pounding. The dean of studies and the dean of discipline in some of the southern universities before taking office are thoroughly screened and questioned regarding

their outlook on life—whether they belong to the "old school." In other words, the school officials set a pre-requisite that actually demands: YOUNG BLOOD. The younger generation will do the state much good by taking their chosen profession seriously and by using their talents to the utmost. They can be the IDEA men of tomorrow!

It seems to me that the gravest trouble confronting us today is not Communism—although by no means a lesser evil. The gravest problem is the young people—the fresh university graduates. The gist of the trouble brewing in the youth's minds, nowadays can be summed up in the short tale of Sociology Professor Carr B. Lavell of George Washington University. He relates:

"One day, I took one of my students fishing. He was a brilliant student, president of his class,

a big man on the campus, evidently with a bright future in his chosen field, medicine. He said that medicine looked lucrative. In the bracing air I asked him why he had gone to medicine and what he was going to do as a doctor. He said that he would like to get into the specialty that offered biggest fees. "You see, I am just like anyone else," said the student. I just want to prepare myself so that I can get the most out of it for me. I hope to make a lot of money in a hurry. I'd like to retire in about ten years and do the things I really want to do." "And what," I asked, "are those?" The brilliant student replied, "Oh, fishing, traveling, taking it easy!"

**Youth is the hope of the nation, but it sometimes stinks with materialism—Ed.**



#### ALL EVEN

A man who was fond of playing practical jokes sent a friend a telegram, charged collect, which read: "I am perfectly well."

About a week later the joker received a heavy package on which he was required to pay very considerable postage. Opening it, he found a big block of concrete on which was pasted the message: "This is the weight your telegram lifted from my mind."

— Kraftsman

A local matron trying to maneuver her sedan out of a parking space banged into the car head, then into a car behind and finally, pulling into the street, struck a passenger delivery truck. A policeman approached her and demanded: "Let's see your license!"

"Don't be silly, officer," she said archly. "Who'd give me a license?"



# MOTION PICTURE GUIDE

## I. Classification of newly released pictures

### CLASS A

#### Section I—Morally Unobjectionable for General Patronage

Army Bound — Monogram	Kid From Broken Gun — Columbia
Assignment in Paris — Columbia	Jungle, The — Lippert Prod.
Because You're Mine — M G M	Last Train from Bombay — Columbia
Bonzo Goes to College — Univ. Int.	Old Oklahoma Plains — Republic
Dead Man's Trail — Monogram	Thundering Caravans — Republic
Duel at Silver Creek, The — Univ. Int.	Wagon Team — Columbia
Feudin' Fools — Monogram	Will Roger's Story, The — Warners

#### Section II—Morally Unobjectionable for Adults

Breakdown — Reolort Pictures	Les Miserables — 20th Century Fox
Captain Black Jack (British) — Classic Pictures	Lost in Alaska — Univ. Int.
Caribbean — Paramount	Merry Widow, The — M G M
Devil Makes Three, The — M G M	Son of Ali Baba — Univ. Int.
Fourposter, The — Columbia	Spider and The Fly, The (British) -- Bell Pictures
Franchise Affair, The (British) -- Monogram	Sudden Fear — R K O
Dreamboat — 20th Century Fox	Stronger in Between, The (British) -- Univ. Int.
Eight Iron Men — Columbia	Untamed Frontier — Univ. Int.
Just for You — Paramount	'Whot Price Glory — 20th Century Fox
Laughing Lady (British) — Four Con- tinental Films	Woman of the North Country -- Republic

### CLASS B

#### Morally Objectionable in Part for All

- GOLDEN HAWK, THE** — Columbia  
Objection: Suggestive situations; light treatment of marriage.
- YOU FOR ME** — M G M  
Objection: Reflects the acceptability of divorce.
- SON OF PALEFACE** — Paramount  
Objection: Suggestive costuming, dialogue and situations.

**CLASS C****Condemned**

**STROLLERS, THE** (French) — Discina-International Films Corp.

Objection: This picture in the story it tells seriously offends Christian and traditional standards of morality and decency.

**II. Classification of pictures currently shown in Manila****Class A-I—Morally Unobjectionable for General Patronage**

1st Run	2nd Run
WHEN IN ROME	ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY
TREASURE OF LOST CANYON	CORVETTE K-225
THE DALTON GANG	MAGIC BOW
THE LAST MUSKETEER	BATTLE OF THE APACHE PASS
RED BALL EXPRESS	RETREAT HELL
HOODLUM EMPIRE	

**Class A-II—Morally Unobjectionable for Adults**

1st Run	2nd Run
PAT AND MIKE	YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER
RED PLANET MARS	F.B.I. GIRL
ACTORS AND SIN	DARLING HOW COULD YOU
SCARAMOUCHE	RHUBARB
STEEL TOWN	INVITATION
FORGED PASSPORT	RED MOUNTAIN
HIGH NOON	GROOM WORE SPURS
FINDERS KEEPERS	
WHAT PRICE GLORY	
THREE FOR BEDROOM C	
RAGING TIDE	
LOVELY TO LOOK AT	
DREAMBOAT	

**Class B—Morally Objectionable in Part for All**

1st Run	2nd Run
OUTLAW WOMEN	PAISAN
THE LION AND THE HORSE	
STRANGE WORLD	
DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK	
THE BRIGAND	
MACAO	
TRAFFIC IN CRIME	

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Imitation leather, gold edged, with Jesuit Supplement, boxed .....	16.50

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